

BOSTON COLLEGE

FALL 2015

MAGAZINE



A poet's life

**AT AGE 77, BRENDAN GALVIN
IS STILL SINGING**

By DAVE DENISON

PROLOGUE

RELATIONS OF THINGS

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, / Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

—William Shakespeare

It seems pretty well agreed that poetry was in ancient times considered a utilitarian art, a net of rhythm, rhyme, and repetition for catching such things as the 12 chapters of *Gilgamesh* or the 15,693 lines of the *Iliad* and many other stories that were unfortunately buried with their chanters before anyone had scratched the rhymes into terra cotta or inked them on goatskin. More recently—by which I mean over the last 2,500 years—poetry's utility has been a disputed matter, with views of it ranging all the way from useless and dangerous to necessary for human flourishing.

Plato, for example, wanted the stuff out of his ideal republic, fearing that noisy rhapsodizing about images of the world would distract philosophers from their study of what was real. Stalin, to cite another literary critic with political ambition and notions of a perfect society, was not quite so honest or fair-minded as Plato, encouraging his poets to sing until the tunes displeased him and he then killed the singers or dispatched them to the harsh edges of his empire. Such was the fate of the great Russian poet Osip Mandelstam, who in the style of the ancients, though for very different reasons, recited certain of his verses from memory only, not daring to publish them. One work, "Stalin Epigram," which contains the lines "His cockroach whiskers laugh, / And the top of his boots glisten," was memorized by a quisling friend, which ultimately led to Mandelstam's removal to Siberia, where, as was the custom, he died of unknown causes on an unknown date and was buried in an unknown grave.

On the poetry booster side, it seems to have been a man called Longinus, a Greek writer about whom little is known, not even if his name was Longinus nor in which of several centuries (first to third) he lived, who authored the strongest ancient counterpunch to Plato. Titled *On the Sublime*—sublime in this case meaning great—Longinus acknowledged that some great poems may contain errors, as Plato feared, but poems were nonetheless essential to the nourishment of human beings who, by nature, "admire not the small streams, useful and pellucid though they be, but the Nile, the Danube, or the Rhine, and still more the Ocean. Nor do we view the tiny flame of our own kindling (guarded in lasting purity as its light ever is) with greater awe than the celestial fires though they are often shrouded in darkness." About 1,800

years later, Percy Bysshe Shelley—whom we know to have been real and a vegetarian—authored what remains the most celebrated modern argument for poetry. Titled "A Defense of Poetry," and published posthumously in 1840, the essay was a response to Shelley's friend and fellow poet Thomas Love Peacock, who had published an essay declaring that poetry was done for, that it had cycled from an "iron age," when "rude bards" roamed the earth, to a golden age (Homer), to a silver age ("the poetry of civilized life") to a "brass age" characterized by "verbose" verse featuring nothing of the sublime, nothing to stir the spirit, but rather, "minutely-detailed description of thoughts, passions, actions, persons, and things."

It was the Lake poets and their fellow Romantic travelers whom Peacock had in mind, and not Shelley, but it was Shelley—"excited . . . to a sacred rage"—who responded, arguing that poets, by developing speech that "is vitally metaphorical," reveal the otherwise "unapprehended relations of things." Poetic language serves "the nobler purposes of human intercourse," Shelley claimed, including the development of moral teaching, law, and religion. He concluded, famously and extravagantly, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

While critiques of poetry as an art form tend to be mordant, extravagance has frequently been the key in which apologies for poetry are sung, from Longinus through Sir Philip Sidney ("of all writers under the sun, the poet is the least liar") down to the often cited lines that conclude William Carlos Williams's "Asphodel, That Greeny Flower":

.... Look at
what passes for the new.
You will not find it there, but in
despised poems.

It is difficult
to get the news from poems
yet men die miserably every day
for lack
of what is found there.

Are Williams's words true and useful (as Plato might have asked)? Well that depends on what you mean by "die"—or live—and how you view "what is found there," not to mention "true and useful."

Our profile of the poet Brendan Galvin '60, begins on page 16.

—BEN BIRNBAUM

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LETTERS

WAYPOINTS

Re "The Voyage," by Zachary Jason '11 (Summer 2015): Jason did a wonderful job of capturing the energy of professor Jeffrey Bloechl's course—the discipline of the daily walks, the regular reflections, the Masses celebrated by Anthony Corcoran, SJ, and the interactions with other walkers and with those who lived and worked along the Camino. I was struck by the questions raised and by the openness to a spiritual presence.

Marco Curnen, P'09

Hyde Park, Massachusetts

FLASHBACKS

Re "Tidbits," compiled by Samantha Costanzo '15 and Alexandra Rae Hunt '17 (Summer 2015): It was a pleasure to read excerpts from the *Boston Globe's* "Boston College Notes." While conducting research for the University's recently published history, *The Heights: An Illustrated History of Boston College, 1863–2013*, I found the "Notes" to be a delightful chronicle of the minutiae of daily life at Boston College in the late 19th century, minutiae that may have seemed commonplace at the time but have since assumed historical relevance. I'd like to share some "tidbits" not included in the article.

Through the "Notes" one can chart the growth of the institution—the rector promising a "holiday" when enrollment reached 300 and a telescope was added to the urban campus's "observatory," in 1890—and detect, as well, the personalities of students and faculty (only six of 23 seniors could vote in 1893, but each "declined his intention of voting the straight Democratic ticket"). In 1892, James B. Machugh '81 returned to offer an optional class as professor of stenography, after briefly resigning "because of pressure from regular work."

In the way the "Notes" column was a window to the past, so is the "Domi" section of the *Stylus* (available for free searching at newspapers.bc.edu), and the "Diary of Boston College" (available at the New

England Province Archives at the College of the Holy Cross). In the latter, you can read how, in November 1882, "the boys play 'Shimmey' now continuously. So far only three windows broken."

Seth Meehan, Ph.D. '14

Boston College

The author is associate director of the University's Institute for Advanced Jesuit Studies.

MOVING PICTURES

After reading Robert Maryks's "Assigned Viewing" (Summer 2015), about contrasting images of Jesuits in contemporary film, I wrote Professor Maryks to suggest *Black Robe* (1991), directed by Bruce Beresford, as a possible addition to his course. He replied that this film about 1630s Jesuit life in Canada was indeed included in his syllabus. Such offerings present fascinating opportunities to study the many faces of Jesuit activism since the mid-1500s.

Jacques Rondeau '66

Washington, D.C.

LOST AND FOUND

The article by Carolyn Freeman '17 on things left in books ("Remaindered," Summer 2015) was pure delight and more anthropological fun than I've had in a long time. Who even knew there was a book buried in the O'Neill stacks on "Japanese toys and the global imagination"?

Donald L. Hafner

Boston College

The author is a professor of political science.

CAREER PLANNING

Re "Survey Says," by Thomas Cooper (Summer 2015): I'm so glad the MCA&S survey on "the liberal arts experience" was created and shared. As an English and sociology major, I did much "What am I going to do with my life?" hand-wringing during senior year as I saw friends lining up jobs when I didn't even know where to apply. Looking back, I am so thankful for

the holistic education that the core curriculum provided.

I love the suggestions of mandatory technology, finance, and business courses. And “career services focused on non-traditional fields?” YES! Technology now allows us to cobble together our passions into careers, and it appears more are headed in this direction.

I’d also suggest offering classes that help students figure out what their dream is, as a precursor to helping them attain said dream.

Saya Hillman '00
Chicago, Illinois

HERE AND NOW

Moments of transcendence are rare, of course, but Ben Birnbaum’s words (“Bethel,” Summer 2015) offered one such to me. I was waiting outside Boston’s South Station to pick up my son, arriving on a bus. It is the least likely spot I would choose to while away a humid half hour of my “summer vacation.” And then I read Birnbaum’s image of two parents who faced strife—running a marathon hand in hand. And I was reminded that, amid the stifling heat and cacophony, “surely the holy is in this place.”

Thomas Putnam (spouse of Phyllis
Wentworth '90)
Arlington, Massachusetts

BENEFITS PACKAGING

Re “Picture It,” by the Center for Retirement Research (Spring 2015): First, the study was funded by the Social Security Administration, which I consider a conflict of interest. Second, the article recommends working until 70, but mentions that the Social Security Administration can pay full benefits only until 2033. I am seriously considering taking early retirement at 62. My motto: They can pay you less for a longer period of time, or they can pay you more for a shorter period of time. But in the end they pay you about the same amount.

David A. Picard '78
Herriman, Utah

LAUNCH PAD

I enjoyed reading about the crowdsourced story Tongal (“Got Talent?” by Steve Oney, Summer 2015), and especially

about the company’s cofounders—James DeJulio '97, Rob Salvatore '97, and Mark Burrell '97. The entrepreneurial spirit they possessed as undergraduates remains alive in their current efforts.

As a liberal arts university, Boston College can lay claim to a robust entrepreneurial culture. To support this burgeoning interest, the Carroll School of Management has launched the Edmund H. Shea Jr. Center for Entrepreneurship. Its aim is to foster collaborations between students, faculty, and the entrepreneurial ecosystem of Boston and beyond.

Tongal is one of many successful companies launched by Boston College alumni in the past decade. We expect to see the number grow with the availability of new resources provided by the Shea Center. Students will learn more about entrepreneurship in the classroom. They will see and interact with entrepreneurs who visit campus. They will get involved in startups through internships and other opportunities. And some will undoubtedly start companies ‘before graduating.

Jere Doyle '87, P'15
Boston College

The author is executive director of the University’s Edmund H. Shea Jr. Center for Entrepreneurship.

BY THE NUMBERS

I enjoyed the tribute to the mathematics department (“The New Math”) in the Summer 2015 issue. I majored in mathematics at Boston College. The program then was quite different, but the spirit of excellence among the faculty was very much like that described in the article. This spirit, and the mathematics that I learned as an undergraduate, were perfect preparation for graduate school and a long career in mathematics and education.

My work has kept bringing me back to Boston College connections: University of Chicago mathematician Paul Sally '54, MA'56, and I worked together in the Chicago public schools, and now I’m working closely with department chair Sol Friedberg and colleagues in several professional development programs for math teachers. This is a distinguishing feature of many Boston College mathematicians—while tending to mathematics research at

the highest level, they find ways to influence and enrich mathematics education across the country.

Al Cuomo '69
Waltham, Massachusetts

It is surprising that the Ph.D. program in mathematics does not include (apparently) any field in math applications. Aren’t there more job opportunities in applied math than in pure math (e.g., in industry, government, even financial institutions)? In fact, would it not be beneficial to the Ph.D. graduates in pure math to have some background in applied math, just in case they fail to find desirable academic opportunities at some point in their careers?

Ray Sarraja '64
Warren, Michigan

BCM brought Mr. Sarraja’s question to Sol Friedberg, chair of the mathematics department. His reply: “There are in fact many pure mathematicians contributing in industry, government, and finance. The skills they develop are held in high regard and readily transfer—the top employer of number theorists in the country is the National Security Agency.

“At the undergraduate level, we have had a number of students go on to top graduate schools in applied math and win national fellowships, and the advanced courses we offer are a great preparation. To do applied math at a high level, Boston College would need to have a strong presence in applied science areas such as electrical engineering. Absent that, the department has developed in a way that maximizes its impact.”

Correction: “Digress” (Summer 2015) stated that the University’s new Welcome Week app had been launched by the Office of Student Services. The app was launched by the Division of Student Affairs.

BCM welcomes letters from readers. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and must be signed to be published. Our fax number is (617) 552-2441; our email address is bcm@bc.edu.

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CAMPUS DIGEST

At the annual University Convocation marking the start of the academic year, President William P. Leahy, SJ, announced the appointment of Gregory Kalscheur, SJ, as **dean of the Morrissey College of Arts and Sciences**. Kalscheur, who had served as interim dean since June 2014, will also hold positions as professor at the Law School and in the political science department. ✂ More than 70 faculty and staff took part in a new program called **House Calls**, visiting residence halls on Upper and Newton campuses at the start of the semester to welcome freshmen. ✂ The Screaming Eagles Marching Band unveiled a **redesigned uniform**—the first makeover in 10 years—involving the addition of maroon gauntlets on the sleeves, a button-free jacket, and a shako sporting a gold badge and a towering fountain plume. ✂ Boston College rose to number 30 in the 2015 *U.S. News & World Report* **ranking of national universities**, and improved to 35th in the "Great Schools, Great Prices" category. A report on "Best Value Law Schools" in the *National Jurist* magazine rated Boston College Law School third among private law schools. ✂ With the field hockey team's victory over the University of New Hampshire on October 11, goalie Leah Settipane '16 took the all-time lead for most wins (42) as an Eagle. Katty Workman '16, outside hitter on the volleyball team, set a **Boston College record** for career kills (1,449). ✂ Menu additions from **Dining Services**

include tapas in the Stuart Dining Hall, Starbucks at On the Fly @ McElroy, and acai bowls ("what breakfast dreams are made of," according to the *Huffington Post*) from the Loft at Addie's in Corcoran Commons. ✂ Dean of the School of Social Work **Alberto Godenzi** announced that he will step down at the end of the academic year. Godenzi held the position for 14 years, during which time the school rose in the *U.S. News & World Report* rankings from 24th to 10th position. ✂ The University announced plans to purchase a **24-acre site** approximately a mile from the Chestnut Hill Campus, on Hammond Pond Parkway. The property is currently the home of the Congregation Mishkan Tefila. Initial plans call for using the site for parking and administrative offices. ✂ **Trustee Associate John Powers '73** and his wife, Linda, have endowed the dean's position at the Carroll School of Management. ✂ A survey involving approximately 60 questions and offered in English, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Chinese, was sent to all University faculty and staff—approximately 3,000—asking their opinion on a range of issues relating to the **work environment** at Boston College. Results will be presented in the spring. ✂ In recognition of his work on intra-plate earthquakes and his role as an educator, earth and environmental sciences professor, and former director of the Weston Observatory, **John Ebel** was elected a member of the Geological



ON VIRTUE—New York Times columnist David Brooks (left) delivered the First Year Academic Convocation address in Conte Forum on September 10. He urged the Class of 2019 to develop both “resume virtues, which get you a good job,” and “the much deeper eulogy virtues, the things they say about you long after you’re dead—that you were courageous, honest, honorable, bold, capable of great love.” Afterward, Brooks signed copies of his book *The Road to Character* (2015), which the students received at summer orientation. From left are freshmen Michael Quinn, Quinlan Taylor, and Beckett Pulis.

Society of America. ✧ Roggie’s pizza joint and sports bar announced it is **closing after 21 years**, and the *Heights* reported that the “dive bar” Mary Ann’s is facing a number of one-day closures and a possible curtailing of its hours due to licensing infractions. ✧ Kathryn Riley ’16, a history major and amateur street photographer with some 5,500 followers on *Instagram*, was featured in *Halfstack* magazine’s list of “Top 10 Instagrammers to follow.” ✧ The Carroll School of Management launched the Edmund H. Shea Jr. **Center for Entrepreneurship**. Jere Doyle ’87, P’15, who has worked as both a business founder (Prospectiv and Global Marketing) and an investor (Sigma Prime Ventures), is the center’s inaugural executive director. ✧ The television shows *Game of Thrones* and *Friends* and

the rapper Wiz Khalifa were among the most popular subjects at the poster sale held outside Corcoran Commons at the start of the semester. ✧ Professor of sociology Sharlene Hesse-Biber received a **2015 Alpha Sigma Nu Book Award**, given by the honor society of Jesuit colleges and universities, for *Waiting for Cancer to Come* (2014), an account of Hesse-Biber’s studies of 64 women who tested positive for the breast cancer gene (BRCA). ✧ A three-year upgrade to **campus security** systems is planned. Wifi-activated building card access and additional security cameras and blue-light phones are among the planned improvements. The CCURE 9000 Wifi entry system will be tested during the spring with a pilot program in Cheverus Hall. ✧ The Brighton Campus home

of the School of Theology and Ministry and the Institute for Advanced Jesuit Studies, formerly known as 9 Lake Street, was dedicated as **Simboli Hall**, in honor of Anthony C. Simboli ’50, MA’50, and his wife, Gloria. ✧ Plaques celebrating the University’s three **heritage scholarships**—in honor of Martin Luther King Jr., Archbishop Oscar A. Romero, and Benigno and Corazon Aquino—were installed in the foyer of O’Neill Library. Each plaque bears the names of the award’s recipients. ✧ *Twenty Feet from Stardom* singers Darlene Love, Lisa Fischer, and Judith Hill joined the Boston Pops Esplanade Orchestra for the **23rd Pops on the Heights** Barbara and Jim Cleary Scholarship Gala. The event, held in Conte Forum, raised a record \$7.5 million.
—Thomas Cooper



Coates: "Whatever the universe does, you have certain responsibilities."

Standing room only

By William Bole

A discussion of race in America with Ta-Nehisi Coates

The starting time for an October 21 lecture by Ta-Nehisi Coates—an acclaimed African-American writer whose book *Between the World and Me* had recently debuted as a *New York Times* #1 bestseller—was 7:00 p.m. At 5:45, students and other lecture-goers were thronging Gasson Hall to see him. By 6:00, the auditorium doors were closed, with new arrivals (200 or so) diverted to an overflow room. Hundreds of others were turned away altogether, according to organizers of the event, which was sponsored by the Lowell Humanities Lecture Series with the Winston Center for Leadership and Ethics.

Inside the lecture hall, students hoisted themselves onto the ledges of tall stained-glass windows, sitting there at others lined walls and aisles. Ashley Branch '14,

a media planner with a Boston PR and marketing firm, said she has been reading Coates since his celebrated 2014 cover story in the *Atlantic*, "The Case for Reparations" (to African-Americans; by white America). "He's very accessible, very in tune with millennials," said Branch, who as an undergraduate was active in Boston College's Black Student Forum. Mary Styles '17, a biology major, was holding a copy of *Between the World and Me*. "I'm about halfway through it. It's not helping me with midterms," she laughed, adding nonetheless that the book was "revealing" to her as a young (white) woman from small-town Massachusetts.

Boston College Law School dean Vincent Rougeau introduced the 40-year-old Coates, who is a national correspondent for the *Atlantic*. Rougeau recited

names from the pantheon of African-American writers including Langston Hughes, James Baldwin, Maya Angelou, Ralph Ellison, Toni Morrison—"and Ta-Nehisi Coates," he inserted. Coates, sporting a dark blue blazer and Oxford shirt, stepped up to the lectern on an elevated platform underneath the balcony and accepted the first of numerous ovations.

In his formal remarks, he told the story of why he wrote *Between the World and Me*. It is a slim volume—a meditation on what it means to be black in America, framed as a letter to Coates's 15-year-old son, Samori. Throughout the long evening, his tone was passionate but conversational, with not a whiff of preachiness.

Coates traced the inspiration to 2000, when his wife gave birth to Samori. He described his emotions at the time, mostly his fear, the kind any parent has for a vulnerable newborn. "But if you are a black parent in America, it's instantly a different kind of fear. It's as old as our presence in this country," he said, alluding to racism. A month after his son was born, a friend at Howard University, Prince Jones Jr., was killed, shot six times in the back by a (black) Maryland police officer, in a case of mistaken identity. "I've never been the same," the Baltimore native said of that tragedy. It drove home to him the violence that encircles black America, whether at the hands of white police officers or fellow African-Americans.

"The kind of oppression that black people feel in this country is very, very physical. It's about people taking possession of your body," Coates told the diverse audience of more than 300 people in Gasson 100. He addressed "the oldest form of domestic terrorism," the 250-year enslavement of blacks, and the "non-state terrorism that followed" in the form of lynchings.

Then Coates read a long passage from his book, about "the fear."

And I saw it in my own father... [who] was so very afraid. I felt it in the sting of his black leather belt, which he applied with more anxiety than anger, my father who beat me as if someone might steal me away, because that is exactly what was happening all around us. Everyone had lost a child, somehow, to the streets, to jail, to drugs, to guns.

AFTER READING, COATES EXPRESSED his feeling that he has neither the answers nor the power to “change anything.” But he said, “I’m a big proponent of the idea that whatever the universe does, you have certain responsibilities. This”—he held up the little book—“is my responsibility.”

The question and answer period began with a planned protest. An African-American graduate student and leader of the group Eradicate Boston College Racism grabbed a microphone set up for questions, dashed to the front, and for seven minutes decried what he said was the University’s inadequate response to black student concerns. While he spoke, some 30 other activists, white and black, stood scattered throughout the room with duct tape covering their mouths, protesting what they consider a lack of open discussion of such issues on campus. Coates faced the audience with an expressionless look, and then kept his head down. The seven minutes passed.

Thereafter, all of those who stepped up to the microphone in the center aisle were African-American.

A young man in a flannel shirt asked about the temptation to “cling to hate,” and Coates wound up saying, “I don’t have anything optimistic to say about that,” adding that violence rooted in fear and insecurity is inevitable. A young woman with hair in rows and wearing a bright orange blouse observed that many liberal-minded people at Boston College “want to help but they’re obsessed with personal exoneration” for the sins of racism. Coates replied, “There’s nothing you could do” about that, noting that the “desire to be innocent” is deep-seated among the privileged.

A young man with a trim beard asked about the difference between “performing ally-ship” with African-Americans, which many are good at, and “actually being an ally.” Somewhat unexpectedly, Coates said white people shouldn’t care what blacks think of them. They should simply try to be “aware and conscious,” reflecting on the costs of racism, to them and society.

At 8:30, it was time for the book signing, and a queue formed around the entire hall, extending by one hour the evening of conversation. ■

Documentary evidence

By William Bole

A new institute whose work is to nourish Jesuit culture has acquired publication rights to more than 100 important Society-related books you’ve probably never heard of

On the ground floor of Simboli Hall, on the Brighton Campus, is a windowless, brightly lit, climate-controlled room in which stacks of new books are arrayed warehouse style, on their backs, on about a dozen six-foot-tall metal and pressboard shelving units that line three and a half of the four walls. A transparent plastic bag the size of a trash barrel and swollen with pink packing peanuts leans against the remaining half wall, while shipping boxes rest on a shelf, and a “temperature-compensated” postal scale, capable of measuring up to 70 pounds of book weight, presides on a desk below.

Jesuit Sources, as the publishing venture is known, specializes in preserving, producing, and disseminating in English—mainly to a worldwide community of scholars and students—seminal Jesuit texts, including the Society’s founding documents, as well as “studies in Jesuit history, spirituality, and pedagogy” published

from the 17th century to the 21st, according to its website.

Established 54 years ago by members of the Missouri Province of Jesuits—and directed there by the eminent Jesuit historians George Ganss and John Padberg—the operation moved to Boston College in December 2014 to become part of the University’s new Institute for Advanced Jesuit Studies (IAJS), which was itself founded only a few months earlier “to facilitate rich encounters with what makes the Jesuits distinctive—history, spirituality, education, and leadership,” says IAJS inaugural director Casey Beaumier, SJ.

Among other projects, the IAJS offers a certificate in Jesuit Studies, sponsors conferences in the United States and abroad, leads an annual course-based pilgrimage to Spain and Rome, fosters a summer reading program for high school students and college freshmen, and publishes the *Journal of Jesuit Studies*



Beaumier (left) and Markys in the Jesuit Sources book depository and fulfillment center.

and a related book series. "Jesuit culture has always been a highly literate culture," said Beaumier, "and—at the direction of Ignatius himself—a culture that took good care of its records and its history. In a special way, Jesuit Sources books are at the heart of many of the encounters that we're supporting."

The titles stored in that windowless room are not to be found at a local bookstore. For example, *Preaching Wisdom to the Wise: Three Treatises*, by Roberto de Nobili, SJ, who led a 17th-century mission to the Mughal court in India; and *An Introduction to Jesuit Theater*, by William H. McCabe, SJ, a work published in 1983 that looks at the important role played by drama in Jesuit colleges from 1550 to the suppression of the Society in 1773; and, closer to our own time, *Together as a Companionship*, a history, by Fr. Padberg, of three "general congregations," or worldwide meetings, of the Society that took place between 1966 and 1983.

Volumes of this sort, which make up the vast majority of the 114 books in the Jesuit Sources catalogue, serve mainly scholars, research libraries, and the syllabus needs of theology faculty—not a vast market. Jesuit Sources books that have a wider reach are generally those used in retreats, such as *Hearts on Fire: Praying with Jesuits*, a compilation of Ignatian prayers "for all occasions." First published in 1993, it is used in Jesuit colleges, retreat houses, and high schools (3,500 or so copies sold in the past year). Also popular is *Draw Me into Your Friendship: A Literal Translation and a Contemporary Companion of the Spiritual Exercises*, by David L. Fleming, SJ, which, according to a website description, serves as a lay person's "gateway to St. Ignatius's *Spiritual Exercises*" (510 copies).

But all books repay a browser's attention. Take, for instance, Jesuit Sources' most recent release: *The Life of Ignatius of Loyola*, a biography by Pedro de Ribadeneira, SJ, one of the early Jesuits and the last member of the founding group to die (in 1611). The book includes a subchapter titled "Ignatius Frees the Society from Responsibility for Female Membership," in which Ribadeneira recounts that in December 1545 Pope Paul IV offered several Spanish women a

chance to "live in obedience to our Society and to bind themselves with religious vows." Ignatius felt the arrangement to be "very inappropriate," and the next 10 months cemented the founder's opinion. "For it is amazing how much trouble and preoccupation the governance of three young women caused him in a relatively short period of time," Ribadeneira says, without detail. Ignatius eventually persuaded the pope to reconsider. In a careful letter to one of the women, presented in full by Ribadeneira, Ignatius explained that "chronic illnesses" made it impossible for him to supervise Jesuit nuns.

Another volume, *Ignatius of Loyola: Letters and Instructions*, edited by Fr. Padberg and John L. McCarthy, SJ, and published in 2006, includes 369 letters—the largest collection available in English (some 6,800 extant letters are attributed to the saint).

As these missives show, Ignatius was many things—Spanish knight, courtier, student, preacher, spiritual guide, educator, administrator. He was not, by most appraisals, a writer. "Many of the letters have no literary style whatsoever. They are often convoluted in grammar and syntax and sentence structure," Padberg observes in an introduction. Ignatius writes to kings and popes, friends and family, students and pilgrims, and, of course, fellow Jesuits. Depending on the recipient, the tone is courtly, businesslike, or warm (as when he signs off, "Inigo").

In a letter dated August 13, 1554, Ignatius wrote to Peter Canisius, a Jesuit in Austria and future saint. Canisius had asked for advice about how to deal with Protestant inroads into Austria. Much of Ignatius's reply was fairly typical of the hard line Protestants and Catholics took toward each other during Reformation times. The Jesuits, he said, might press the country's Catholic rulers to require that all teachers "take an oath to remain Catholics," under threat of punishment. At the same time, Ignatius urged Canisius to use "your own prudence." Canisius went on to advise charity and moderation in the Protestant-Catholic polemics.

New Jesuit Sources volumes will start appearing in early 2016, according to Robert Maryks, the program's editor and an associate professor of history. One of the first will be *Early Jesuit Pedagogy: A Reader*, edited by Claude Pavur, SJ, and Cristiano Casalini of the IAJS staff. It offers an anthology of translated texts on Jesuit education during the second half of the 16th century and the early 17th century. The book suggests "why Jesuit schools became such important educational institutions in early modernity," Maryks has written. He notes that the anthology will be rendered in "an accessible style," reflecting an IAJS ambition to prepare books for not only scholars who study the order, but others with a professional interest in Jesuit education, such as administrators at Jesuit high schools and colleges. ■

Data file: The undergraduates

Enrollment: 9,192
(53 percent female;
47 percent male)

Enrollment shares by college/school:
Morrissey College of Arts and Sciences (MCA&S): 65 percent
Carroll School of Management (CSOM): 24
Lynch School of Education: 7
Connell School of Nursing: 4

Top majors and concentrations:
Economics (MCA&S and CSOM): 1,187—a record
Finance: 1,017—a record
Biology: 860
Communication: 763
Political science: 726

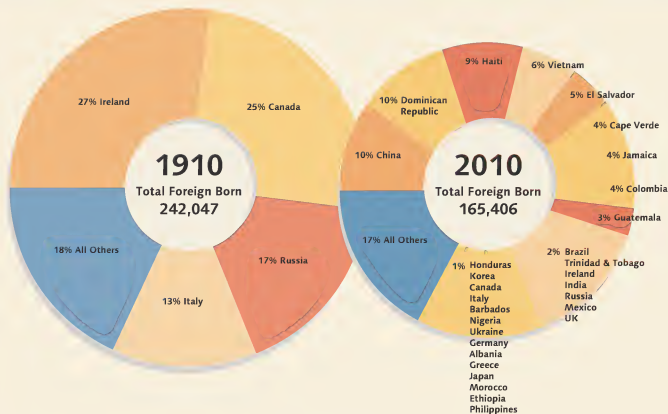
The number of MCA&S students majoring in **computer science**—182—has more than doubled in 10 years; the number of freshmen enrolled in

introductory computer science courses—88—has more than quadrupled.

Twenty students enrolled in "**Elementary Modern Greek**" this fall, the most since 1996.

Almost nine percent of freshmen registered for **Core renewal pilot courses**, new this year.

Source: The Office of Student Services



CLOSE-UP: BOSTON ARRIVALS

In her book *The New Bostonians* (2015) history professor Marilyn Johnson examines how shifts in Boston's foreign-born population changed the city's character and economy. Fifty years ago this fall, on October 3, President Lyndon Johnson signed the 1965 Immigration and Nationality Act. At the time, Boston was 13 percent foreign-born. The Act did away with a quota system dating to 1917 that favored Northern Europeans while virtually prohibiting certain groups (e.g., Africans and Asians). The new visa system was open to all nations and gave preference to skilled applicants. By the end of the 20th century, Boston's minority groups together constituted a majority, and some 27 percent of the population had been born outside the country.

The Boston immigrants of the 1910 U.S. census, referenced in the chart above left, came from Europe's farms and factories. ("Others" meant Germans, Scandinavians, Scottish, and Portuguese; "Russia" included Jews fleeing the pogroms.) What most of them had in common, in this city of then 670,585, says Johnson,

was limited education. They found jobs in manufacturing, occupied whole sections of town—the Irish in South Boston, the Italians in the North End—and in time gained a say through local politics. But after World War II, manufacturing departed Boston, and residents with the means left for the suburbs, as happened in many northeastern cities. From a population exceeding 800,000 (in 1950), the city began to shrink.

The 1965 Act and the Refugee Act of 1980 brought a mix of immigrants: the doctors, technicians, and scientists whom Johnson calls "critical drivers" in a new knowledge economy; and the unskilled, who swelled the service sector as maids, maintenance workers, and landscapers. In this "bimodal" economy, she says, "European and Asian immigrants—particularly those from India, Korea, Japan, and Taiwan"—concentrated at the top, while Latino, Southeast Asian, and Afro-Caribbean immigrants toiled "at the lower end."

Broadening U.S. entry helped boost Boston's population—from a low of 562,994 in 1980 to 620,451 by 2010

(right). More than 80 percent of the new immigrants came from the Americas, Asia, and Africa. ("Others" included Turks, Israelis, Nepalese, Thai, Lebanese, Guyanese, and Peruvians.) The newcomers revitalized decaying neighborhoods such as Fields Corners, Allston-Brighton, and East Boston, says Johnson. Between the late 1960s and 2000 they established mosques and temples and doubled the number of churches in the Boston/Cambridge area, causing what Johnson calls the "de-Europeanization of Catholicism and Protestantism" in the city. And they—and their children—took up politics, first as activists on issues such as housing (notably, the group Centro de Acción) and social services (e.g., the Vietnamese-American Civic Association). In 2003, backed by the New Majority Coalition (an alliance of black, Latino, and Asian-American political groups) Felix Arroyo became the first Latino to win an at-large seat on the city council. Korean-born Sam Yoon followed in 2005 as the first Asian-American on the council. In 2014, Haitian-American state senator Linda Dorcena Forry '96 served as the first non-white ex-officio host of the annual St. Patrick's Day breakfast in South Boston.

—Thomas Cooper

Eminences

By Ben Birnbaum

Remembering John L. Mahoney '50 and James P. McIntyre '57

During the first week of the fall semester, two men died whose long and fruitful careers at Boston College were tightly bound with the institution's progression from a predominately commuter college for local men to a highly regarded research university.

Rattigan Professor Emeritus John L. Mahoney '50, MA'52, H'03, died at age 87 on September 1, after a short bout with Alzheimer's disease. John was a member of a coterie of young faculty, many of them graduates of Boston College, who were hired under President Michael P. Walsh, SJ (1958–68), and who, importantly, returned to Chestnut Hill with doctorates from the nation's elite universities—Harvard, in John's case.

Along with their degrees, they brought personal knowledge of how the big guys did it and, over the decades that followed, they elevated standards for scholarship and learning for themselves and their students. John, who retired in 2002, taught in the English department for 47 years.

Senior Vice President James P. McIntyre '57, M.Ed.'61, D.Ed.'67, H'11, died on September 4 at age 81 of multiple myeloma, a blood cancer he'd held at bay for years. He was a member—and in a large sense the charter member—of a group of young administrators hired in the 1950s and 1960s as well, who would over the decades ascend to leadership positions at Boston College that had previously been held only by Jesuits, and would professionalize the institution's business practices.

The two men enjoyed classic mid-century Boston College origins. John, the son of a print-shop worker, was raised on the top floor of a triple-decker (the Boston-area equivalent of a log cabin) on a narrow street behind a row of commercial buildings in blue-collar Somerville. Jim grew up a bit to the north, in the mill town of Malden, where following the early death of his father, a railroad worker, he helped to support his mother and sisters, first by delivering newspapers and then with a series of retail and service jobs

right through his Boston College graduation. (He was still at work—attending the annual University Convocation—two days before his death.)

Again classically, both men arrived at Boston College propelled by a Catholic parochial education, parish grade schools at first and then Boston College High School for John and Malden Catholic High School for Jim. Both served in the post-war military, John in Japan and Jim in France. Both enjoyed enduring and loving marriages, were admired by their children and adored by their grandchildren. Over the decades, both served on the University committees and task forces that planned and shepherded Boston College's growth.

And both, finally, led lives that were celebrated just days apart at crowded funeral Masses in St. Ignatius Church, just below the tower-topped campus at which both began work in the fall of 1959, John as an assistant professor of English with a central interest in British Romantic literature, and Jim as a staff member in the Undergraduate Admission Office, whose difficult commission was to visit Jesuit high schools and prevail upon the best seniors to come to Boston College when they, in fact, had Fordham or Holy Cross in mind.

JOHN L. MAHONEY

The latest curriculum vitae for John Mahoney that I could find runs to 18 pages, including sections on "Books and Monographs" (a dozen) and "Academic Honors" (29, including a Massachusetts Professor of the Year Award in 1989). John was a man who did things thoroughly and cleanly, and so his CV also reckons up "Administrative Appointments and Professional Activities" (57); articles, papers, book chapters, and essays (upwards of 150); and "Community Service" (25 examples, including long-term administrative and teaching contributions to his beloved Sacred Heart Parish in Lexington, where he lived).

As his many friends and students will know, John was a man of devotion and enthusiasm, taking pleasure from virtually every activity he pursued. (Some activities, such as learning the sleeve length for his shirts, he left to others.) Among his many cultural loves were jazz, poetry of every variety, liberal arts (*continued on page 13*)



Mahoney, following his last class. It was "Poets, Poems, and Poetics"; the year, 2002.

LESSON PLANS: HOW HE DID IT

The following account of John L. Mahoney's teaching style is edited from Ben Birnbaum's "Grace Notes," a feature profile that appeared in the Fall 1994 edition of Boston College Magazine

PRESENCE: Pleasure, disdain, puzzlement, and wonder dance across his face as he teaches. His long arms and pianist's hands move almost ceaselessly. Laying into Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach," he spreads the "calm" sea out with inverted, open hands. "The moon lies fair," he says, and pauses to place a circle of thumb and forefinger in the night sky above his right shoulder. Discussing the French Revolution's influence on European culture, he cries: "*Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!*"—throwing out his arms.

HEART: John's practice is to ennoble what his students say. "That's exactly how Locke would have put it," he informs one young man. He greets another student's observation that love can be spiritual or carnal, depending on circumstances, with a smile that suggests he's pleased to learn that. "I love this exchange between the two of you," he says to a pair of students who have not quite been speaking to each other. Where appropriate, he *becomes* the student speaker, restating equivocations as opinion, turning confusion to clarity. Even the weakest observations are nourished: "I want to build on that a little," he says to a student, "and in a way you made it possible with your reflection."

KNOWLEDGE: John speaks to students in the same discursively learned way in which he speaks to his peers. He marches along, shedding a sermonette on the purposes of liberal education, a mini-lecture on why Pope's "Essay on Man" has earned so many citations in Bartlett's, and offering glancing references to "Dear Lord David Cecil," "the new historicism," or "Isaac Newton's nature—that's upper case N-A-T-U-R-E." He offers these sans context. They are, he seems to be saying, the common coin of our discourse, your entitlement as well as mine. "John Donne is a poet I like a lot," I heard him

muse one day to a group of freshmen and sophomores, "and I'm sure many of you love him, too."

VOICE: John's is not an actor's instrument (it's got a lot of Boston in it). Nor is it a siren call. Too much straight-ahead power. It's a rhetorician's tool, an underscoring machine, whether for stage direc-

John's practice is to ennoble what his students say. "That's exactly how Locke would have put it," he informs one young man.

He greets another student's observation that love can be spiritual or carnal, depending on circumstances, with a smile that suggests he's pleased to learn that.

tion ("and all that mighty heart is lying: still"), croaky disdain ("poetry is not a visual aid"), or simple instruction ("imagine Pope sitting in his study with quill in hand; 'I want to write a new epic'").

John seems to inhabit words he speaks, and never more than when he recites a poem, whether from memory or from the page, interpolating as he goes, improvising an interpretation that's half color commentator's shorthand and half

personal response to the poet's call. Here is the beginning of his riff on John Donne's "Batter my heart."

"Batter my heart, three personed God; for you / As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend,"—With me dear God you don't have your ordinary sinner. No. You've got to hit me hard. All you've been doing up to this time is not enough. "That I may rise and stand, o'er throw me and bend"—If you want me to rise up you've got to first knock me down. An archetypal paradox. Only one set of circumstances under which it works. Only one person who can bring you up at the same time that He's knocking you down. "Your force to break, blow, burn"—you've got to burn away my rust—"and make me new."

WITHDRAWAL: Midway through one seminar session I attended, the class begins to take off, develops its rhythm and direction. Comments flow. And it's then that I see John pull another trick from his old teacher's bag. As the conversation builds among students, John, who even seated towers over most of them, slowly sinks down in his chair at the head of the table, turning his head on occasion to follow the talk. When class is over, I wait until the students have left and then approach to ask a few questions. "It was great, wasn't it?" he beams before I can say a word. And it was.

A few days later, I contacted two of John's students from the seminar. How did you come to take the course? I asked each of them. One told me that her father, a 1966 graduate, had told her to take a class with Professor Mahoney. The other told me that her cousin, a 1980 graduate, had told her to take a class with Professor Mahoney. I called the cousin and asked how she came to take courses with John. "He was highly recommended by a number of people," she said. The chain stretches backward and onward. ■

IN SERVICE

James P. McIntyre is being remembered as among the most productive senior administrators in the recent history of Boston College. As illustrated in an excerpt from the memoir he completed two weeks before his death in September, that work ethic had deep personal roots

GROWING UP IN Malden, Massachusetts, in the 1940s, I thought about college. And what I thought was that I wouldn't be able to attend one. It's not that I wasn't academically prepared for higher education. I was a student at Malden Catholic High School from 1947 to 1951, and although most of us did not go beyond high school at that time, we took a basic college-preparatory course of studies. Still, college wasn't in the picture because of my doubts about whether I could afford it. Even if I could come up with the \$400 yearly tuition for a four-year institution like Boston College, I wouldn't be able to enroll. I'd have to work full-time to help support my family.

Both of my parents were Irish immigrants, and I was one of four children, the second oldest and the only boy. My father died when I was six years old, of rheumatic fever, a day after he turned 37. On his deathbed he told me, "Jimmy, take care of your mother." She battled serious health problems of her own—a heart condition, mainly—and she made do on a small widow's pension from my father's job as a laborer with the Boston & Maine Railroad. (Her attempts at domestic work were hampered by her health.) A couple of times during the years after my father died, our family was broken up—once for seven months, while my mother was hospitalized. Each time, my sisters and I went to live with different relatives. We were very poor. I knew from an early age that I had to somehow take care of my family, and so I began working when I was nine years old.

Newspaper delivery was my business then and throughout most of high school. I started with an evening route in January 1944, a month shy of my 10th birthday, delivering the *Malden Evening News*, the *Boston Globe*, the *Boston Traveler*, and the *Boston American*. Soon I added on mornings, which paid better. And then

came the Sunday route: lifting my earnings to \$12 a week in base pay, a sizeable amount in the mid-1940s and a boost to my family. With extra tips at Christmas time, I could wind up with \$120 in one fell swoop. It was nothing less than a pot of gold for us in those days.

During the morning runs, I rode on a delivery truck that drove me all across the west side of Malden, and I would toss

My father died when
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of rheumatic fever,
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turned 37. On his
deathbed he told me,
"Jimmy, take care of
your mother."

the papers or run up to the houses with them. On weekdays the work would start around five in the morning and go until it was time to leave for school at seven. In the afternoons I pushed a newspaper cart and while doing so managed to read the evening papers. That route centered on Malden's better-off West End neighborhood—a far cry from the low-rent Edgeworth district where my family lived in the downstairs apartment of a well-worn two-family house. We had moved in three months before my 34-year-old mother became a widow. Rent control meant that we—officially—paid \$18 a month, but the landlord indulged in a bit of extortion and insisted my mother pay an additional \$10 in cash under the table. My mother was

too terrified to resist the demand, too paralyzed with fear to complain about it.

Partly because I was an altar boy, our pastor at Immaculate Conception Church paid for my tuition at Malden Catholic. And I thought about college. I even wrote to the military academies at Annapolis and West Point because tuition, room, and board were (and remain) free at those institutions. I also looked into Northeastern University because the co-op program there would involve a mix of paid work and studies. But I decided that I couldn't be a college student, at least not of the traditional kind. It was vitally important for me to contribute to my mother and my sisters. I was trying to keep my family together.

I graduated with honors from Malden Catholic in June 1951, and I went straight to work, the next day in fact, at First National Stores, a grocery chain, at \$44 a week, two dollars more than the usual starting salary because I had some part-time experience there. I was a meat clerk. I fileted fish, cut up and quartered chicken, weighed out ground beef, and otherwise served people from behind the counter.

One day I saw a small tombstone ad for "Boston College Intown," the evening school, in the archdiocesan newspaper. I knew only a little about Boston College, and I had never heard of its evening program. But college suddenly seemed possible to me. The tuition would carve just four dollars out of my \$44 income each week.

In September 1951, I began the six-year bachelor's degree program. Four days a week, I left work on Charles Street, walked to Beacon Street and across the Public Garden, and arrived at BC Intown, at 126 Newbury Street, at 6 p.m. for about three hours of classes. During my last year, I would take classes five nights a week after work. ■

(continued from page 10) education, conversation, friendship, and the venerable S&S Deli, situated in one of Cambridge's lesser squares, where my wife and I, who lived nearby, sometimes encountered John and his wife, Ann, at dinner, on their way to something like a symphony performance or live theater. (We were simply escaping our young children for an hour.) The S&S cuisine, John always maintained, rivaled that available at much fancier locales—and, he took pleasure in pointing out, his beetle eyebrows rising in emphasis, at a fraction of the cost.

As noted above, John Mahoney made an extraordinary number of contributions to Boston College, and a list of his committee responsibilities over the years reads like an outline of Boston College's modern history. But three of his other gifts were also particularly significant. First, his transcendent teaching skills that contributed to the education and elevation (John wouldn't have seen a difference) of thousands of students. (See story, page 11.) Second, his five-year tenure as chair of the English department beginning in 1962, during which he made appointments that set standards for decades. The third gift, which I summon from my own experience of the man, was his generosity, patience, and charity—they came as a package. In all the hours I spent with him over close to 40 years, I never saw him angry or ill tempered (even when he had more than sufficient provocation). In fact, I can't recall a man of harder grace. He was a balm. One behaved better and smarter when he was at the table or even in the room or even on the other side of campus. And when I think of his legacy, I'm reminded of a line from George Eliot (I know John wouldn't mind that it isn't Wordsworth or Johnson), who in her poem "The Choir Invisible" wrote "Of those immortal dead who live again / In minds made better by their presence."

John L. Mahoney leaves his wife, Ann, three children and alumni of Boston College—including undergraduate admission director John Mahoney Jr. '79—and five grandchildren.

JAMES P. MCINTYRE

No non-Jesuit in the history of Boston College can claim a longer tenure as a senior administrator, or a more varied



McIntyre (center), receiving an honorary doctorate from University President William P. Leahy, SJ, at Commencement 2011. At right is University Trustee (Chair at the time) William A. Geary '80.

scope of executive responsibility, than could Jim McIntyre.

Jim entered Boston College as an evening college student, while working days behind a supermarket meat counter. (He'd been offered admission to the day school, but he was still supporting his mother and sisters.) His first Boston College job, as noted above, was as an assistant director of undergraduate admission. The first lay person to hold that title, he was drafted in 1966 into the newly established division of student affairs, or, "from the cocoon [into] the maelstrom," as Jim put it in a book-length memoir he finished only weeks before his death. (See excerpt, facing page.)

Jim was in fact selected for student affairs because it was observed that his courtesy to students was repaid by trust, which was becoming a rare commodity in student-administrative relations at many colleges. "Whose side are you on?" a senior administrator once asked Jim after watching him talking with a group of restive students, to which Jim is said to have responded, "I didn't know there were sides." That natural decency paid off well in the years of student dissent to come. Named vice president of student affairs in 1968 (the University's first lay senior executive), Jim was over the next years engaged with scores of demonstrations, strikes, and takeovers of buildings and

offices. One of those takeovers, of Gasson Hall, by a group of black students, did not end with police storming the iconic building—a response favored by elements of the administration—only because Jim was quietly able to work with student leaders to arrange for a peaceful evacuation and a mediation process to follow.

In 1976, he was asked by president J. Donald Monan, SJ (1972–96), to become vice president of a division that included fundraising. While he had no formal experience in that area (as he'd previously had none in admission or student affairs), within six weeks of his appointment he had begun directing Boston College's first modern capital campaign, which would raise \$25 million—nearly 20 percent over goal.

In 1986, Jim was named senior vice president and, for the next nearly-three decades, he raised money, lobbied Beacon and Capitol hills and—as a *Boston Globe* profile noted in 2000—"became legendary for his ability to draw upon his far-flung connections . . . to enhance the college." It was during this time that Jim became known as "Mr. BC," a treasured title and one that can't be gained but only earned.

James P. McIntyre leaves his wife, Monica, six children and alumni of Boston College, and 16 grandchildren who called him "Papa." ■

Assigned reading

COURSE: HIST 5450—U.S. Intelligence History

By Charles Gallagher, SJ

COURSE DESCRIPTION

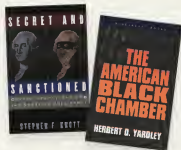
This course examines the long history of American engagement in espionage and counterintelligence, at home and abroad. We study individuals and agencies who gathered, and in some cases gave away, secrets—examining their motives, their tactics, their successes and failures. And we trace the wavering commitment to spycraft of U.S. leaders and the American public.

REQUIRED BOOKS

Secret and Sanctioned: Covert Operations and the American Presidency (1996)

By Stephen F. Knott

Stephen F. Knott earned his Ph.D. at Boston College in 1991, and is a professor of national security affairs at the U.S. Naval War College. His book recounts how early generations of American leaders employed a range of foreign and domestic mercenaries—some of them frontier politicians, one a future Harvard College president—to covertly further the country's (usually expansionist) interests. George Washington, in his first message to Congress, in 1790, sought a "Contingency Fund for the Conduct of Foreign Intercourse," which was sometimes referred to as a "secret fund," but which covered both diplomacy and espionage. This was granted and grew by the third year of his presidency to more than 12 percent of the federal budget. Washington was no stranger to covert operations; during the Revolutionary War he authorized at least three kidnapping attempts, including one, in 1782,



on King George III's third son, William Henry (later King William IV), and the British admiral Robert Digby. The plot failed. President Thomas Jefferson, in 1805, approved a clandestine plan, ultimately aborted, to oust Tripoli's pasha during the Barbary Wars—America's first effort at regime change. Knott charts the legacy of these early actions, including the development of modern intelligence-gathering bureaucracies (beginning with the Office of Naval Intelligence in 1882), the work of the Church Committee in the mid-1970s (which resulted in permanent Congressional oversight), and the ongoing struggle between the intelligence community and elected officials to control U.S. clandestine pursuits.

The American Black Chamber (1931, 2004)
By Herbert O. Yardley

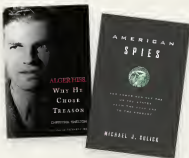
Before there was Edward Snowden, the government contractor who leaked classified National Security Agency (NSA) documents in 2013, there was Herbert O. Yardley, the author of this book. Hired in 1912 as a clerk in the State Department, where he spent his time logging and distributing often-encrypted diplomatic telegrams, Yardley became fascinated with breaking codes. On the strength of a 100-page memorandum in which he worked out the entire U.S. diplomatic code in his spare time, the War Department asked him in 1917 to assemble a group of code breakers known as MI-8 or the Cipher Bureau. During the course of World War I, this group deciphered all manner of documents—Yardley claimed some "11,000 messages in 579 systems," including those handled by the "Secret Ink Subsection." After the war, the bureau, by then known colloquially as the Black Chamber, continued its work, funded largely by the State Department via a secret payroll. Its members unraveled messages from Germany, Soviet Russia, Spain, Mexico, and an increasingly powerful Japan. In 1921, MI-8 was instrumental in breaking the Japanese diplomatic codes, a windfall for the administration of President Warren Harding as it negotiated naval arms limitations with Japan. On another occasion, Yardley broke the diplomatic codes of the Vatican, but he didn't reveal them, as a courtesy to the pope. Then, in 1929, Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson apparently became upset at reports that MI-8 was illegally obtaining civilian mail and cables (Yardley refers only to "rather subtle methods") and forced the group's disbanding. "Gentlemen do not read each other's mail," Stimson famously stated. In retaliation and to earn needed money, Yardley wrote his tell-all, cataloging the inner workings of the U.S. cryptologic community and including actual ciphers. The book enjoyed huge sales in the United States and careful reading in prewar Germany and Japan. The departments of State and War denied any knowledge of the Black Chamber, but Yardley's revelations prompted Congress to pass the first Act for the Protection of Government Records, in 1933.

Wild Bill Donovan: The Spymaster Who Created the OSS and Modern American Espionage (2011)
By Douglas Waller

On July 11, 1941, with war looming, President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed Col. William J. Donovan head of the Office of the Coordinator of Information, a department that would morph into the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) the following year and ultimately, in 1947, into the CIA. Waller, a journalist who worked at *Newsweek* and *Time* magazines, chronicles Donovan's relentless—some say rogue—efforts to undermine America's enemies. His agents in Europe, whose numbers included three future CIA directors (Allen Dulles, William Colby, and William Casey), as well as the historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., stole German documents, blew up fuel dumps, and downed power lines. No idea was too farfetched: Donovan approved a plot to inject Hitler's food with female hormones. Another scheme, Project X-ray, envisioned fitting bats with small incendiary devices and air-dropping the creatures over Japanese cities to roost and trigger firestorms. The relevance of such tactics can be questioned in a war where cryptanalysis and carpet-bombing accomplished more than individual acts of derring-do, suggests Waller. In September 1945, with the war over, President Harry Truman, wary of Donovan's secretive temperament, disbanded the OSS. But Donovan—egoistic



and dashing—remains the archetype of the modern intelligence agent, at least in America's imagination. A bronze statue of him dressed in combat fatigues and staring watchfully into the distance stands in the lobby of the CIA's Langley, Virginia, headquarters.



Alger Hiss: Why He Chose Treason (2012)
By Christina Shelton

In 1945, the year he served as an advisor to President Franklin D. Roosevelt at the Yalta Conference, Alger Hiss represented all that was best about FDR's New Deal. He was bright and bookish, a lawyer by training. He was the director of the Office of Special Political Affairs in the State Department and had helped draft the United Nations charter at Dumbarton Oaks. Within the year he would become the first (non-elected) secretary general of the United Nations. But in 1948 Hiss was accused of being a spy by former communist and then senior editor of *Time* magazine, Whittaker Chambers. This book relates Hiss's "choice for treason" in the early 1930s when he began working for Soviet military intelligence (the GRU) as a member of the Ware Group, a covert branch of the American communist party. In making the argument for Hiss's guilt, Shelton, a retired analyst at the Defense Intelligence Agency, relies on Soviet intelligence service messages from the 1940s. Between 1945 and 1948, the U.S. Army Signal Intelligence Service (precursor to the NSA) was reading Soviet diplomatic traffic virtually unimpeded through a secret decryption project called VENONA. The Soviet messages, which were classified by the U.S. government until 1995, identified Hiss by the code name ALES. Shelton presents an accounting of how these and other KGB documents prove that Hiss and ALES were one and the same. A Soviet timeline of ALES's movements in early 1945, for example, matched those of Hiss: ALES was in Yalta, and he traveled from there to Moscow and then to Mexico City (with Secretary of State Edward Stettinius Jr.). Shelton acknowledges that some people still believe Hiss

was an "innocent victim of the 1950s Red Scare and Cold War hysteria," but she says the evidence contained in the VENONA files and other documents released after the collapse of the Soviet Union leaves no doubt: "Alger Hiss was an agent of Soviet military intelligence. Whittaker Chambers told the truth; Hiss did not."

American Spies: Espionage Against the United States from the Cold War to the Present (2013)
By Michael J. Sulick

Examining more than 40 spy cases from the 1970s to the 2000s, including those of Christopher John Boyce and Andrew Lee—a.k.a. "Falcon and the Snowman"—who sold spy satellite information to the USSR, Jonathan Pollard (classified documents to the Israelis), and John Walker (U.S. naval information to the Soviets), Sulick, a former director of the U.S. National Clandestine Service (the CIA's official "undercover arm") and chief of CIA counterintelligence, charts the shifting motivations of spies during and after the Cold War. No longer would ideologies like Alger Hiss provide the Soviets with secrets purely out of shared political beliefs. Low pay for U.S. high-level clearance jobs presented the Soviets and others with conditions for the bribing of American military and security personnel. Sulick provides "damage assessments" of modern American espionage. Between 1979 and 2001 FBI agent Robert Hanssen gave his KGB and GRU handlers 6,000 pages of classified information and provided them with the names of three Russians who were working with the Americans, which led to their execution. He also gave the Soviets access to the entire U.S. satellite imagery program, the complete FBI double-agent program, and U.S. nuclear capabilities. By the time the Cold War ended in the early 1990s, Sulick writes, "every agency involved in national security and every branch of the armed forces except the U.S. Coast Guard had suffered spies in its midst." ■

Charles Gallagher, SJ, is an assistant professor of history. He is the author of *Vatican Secret Diplomacy: Joseph P. Hurley and Pope Pius XII* (Yale University Press, 2008).



‘Getting the world right’

Brendan Galvin entered
Boston College in 1956
intending to become a dentist.
He graduated a poet.
And 17 books and a lived
life later, he’s still at it

By DAVE DENISON

Photographs by GARY WAYNE GILBERT

OPPOSITE: Galvin, with Lefty, on the footbridge to his home.

On the Friday morning before the Labor Day weekend, I had an appointment with a poet. Brendan Galvin had invited me to come by his house in Truro, Massachusetts, “on the wrist of Cape Cod,” as he likes to say, at 10:30 for “two-bite cinnamon rolls” and coffee.

Galvin, 77, lives in a house in the woods at the end of a sandy road. It’s on high ground—a little climb up Castle Road, or up Corn Hill Road if you’re coming from the other direction. He met me at his front door, after I parked in the weedy turnaround and walked up a driveway and across a wooden footbridge. He looked hale. He’s got thinning white hair and a white beard, and he was wearing large spectacles, blue jeans, an untucked flannel shirt.

The two-bite rolls and coffee were served up, as promised. We sat in his living room, with a coffee table between us that held a few books and CDs, the *New Yorker*, the *Sewanee Review*, and *The Sibley Guide to Birds*. On an end table behind his armchair were two pairs of binoculars and a fading framed photo of a border collie. The living room has sliding glass doors that open onto a narrow wraparound deck. The house was built as a typical Cape cottage but was later modified with cathedral ceilings, large beams of Douglas fir, and lots of windows that provide ample views of the wildlife among the oaks and pines.

Galvin and his wife, Ellen, bought the land and had the cottage built in 1968, the year they got married. “When Ellen and I married—she’s passed away, by the way; I don’t know if you know that,” he said, soon after we sat down. The house seemed stiller in that moment, as if we could feel her sudden absence. He recounted a few of the details. The stroke she suffered in 2006. “I was her caregiver for a couple of years after that, but it got too complicated.” He found, in Chatham, a “really good rest home—that’s what we used to call them.” His eyes misted up. She died just before Thanksgiving in 2014, he said.

For the next hour and a half we talked about his career as a poet and college professor (28 years teaching at Central Connecticut State University), about his family and friends and his border collies (he’s had four), and about his love for the Cape. We could hear the chickadees and the blue jays outside. What I never heard—in that visit or in another, when I returned on Labor Day—was an electronic sound. The phone never rang. He had no computer or cellphone at hand making little bloopers when messages came in. The only tweeting and twittering was at the bird feeders on his deck.

It’s not that Galvin lives as a backwoods stylist. He communicates by email. He has a Facebook page and a website. With the help of his son Peter he even made his 2012 detec-

tive novel, *Wash-a-shores*, available on Amazon as an e-book. But you know from his poetry, and upon stepping into his house, that the center of his being is in paying close daily attention to live creatures—winged, four-legged, biped—and their habitats. He's often described as a naturalist poet. He's also known as an Irish-American poet. When I asked him how his Irish heritage shows through in his poetry, he said, "Landscape. Celts are always hung up on landscapes."

His companion now is Lefty, a five-year-old border collie. The dog is high in energy and enthusiasm, and Galvin isn't entirely confident in Lefty's social skills. "The trouble is, he tends to overgreet people," he said. So Lefty was asleep in the car while we spoke. He'd had his morning walk down on Corn Hill Beach, the part of the day that by Galvin's testimony is most vital to the health and sanity of both man and dog.

The other "presence" in the house is Galvin's daughter, Anne. (She was born in 1971; Ellen was divorced and raising Peter when she married Galvin.) The only family photo I saw on display was a framed black-and-white of a young Galvin with his daughter by his side. He had a black bushy beard and she was in a sundress with pixie haircut, standing barely as high as his waist. She is now an anthropology professor at St. John's University in Queens, New York. She and her husband are regular visitors to Truro. "When Ellen got sick Anne was right there from the beginning," Galvin said.

Galvin writes at a sun-dappled kitchen table cluttered with jars, cups, trivets, and pencils and pens—and a large spiral-bound notebook. It is an artist's sketchpad, in fact. Ellen used to buy them in lots from a Christmas Tree Shop, he said. He works on poems by arranging some lines down the center of the page. New ones get scrawled on a slant in the margins. Arrows redirect their place. It's a visual and tactile way of roughing out the material that will eventually, sometimes over months or even years, be crafted into a poem. "This business of getting / the world right / isn't for dilettantes . . ." he once wrote, in a poem entitled "The Mockingbird."

He likes to work in the morning, after he returns from a walk. The movement is essential: "When I get in the rhythm of a walk, my brain kind of drifts off and makes connections," he said. In a recent poem called

"Walking Will Solve It" he begins by noting the relief of getting away from his mumbling fridge and "the bills, taxes / and toxins"; he then describes a woman's footprints in the sand, which go alongside the prints of a coyote and the tracks of a blue heron; and ends with a moment staring at a small fish that got stranded in a pool after the tide went out.

What does it mean to be a successful poet in a culture that has little patience for poetry?

As a practical matter, it means getting published and perhaps gaining—if not sales—some recognition. By that standard, Galvin is more successful than most. He's published 17 volumes of poetry since 1974, and his 2005 collection *Habitat* was a finalist for the National Book Award. (Galvin's "earthy and local poems," read the judges' citation, have been "quietly reminding us that the best poetry can deepen our understanding of the natural world of each other.") The *Atlantic*, *New Yorker*, *Harper's*, and *New Republic* have featured his poetry.

Galvin's idea of success, though, includes another criterion: He wants his poems to be understood. In our Labor Day conversation, he used, without embarrassment, the word "accessible" to describe his poetry. The point is to communicate, he said. He imagines a reader going home after work, taking a magazine out of the mailbox and coming across a poem. If the first few lines seem incomprehensible, what is the reader likely to do?

And here we open up that postmodern can of worms. A concern for "accessible" poetry wins you little appreciation in today's academy, where the ideas of meaning and interpretation are often suspect. If a poet seems to be seeking a popular audience, how can the work be considered fresh, or daring? Galvin dismisses the concern with the assertion that poets' reputations "go up and down like the stock market." What he's after is "sprezzatura," which he described in a poem with that title as "the skill / and recklessness that releases grace, / a seemingly offhand act that conceals / the pains taken."

Years ago, Galvin wrote an essay for *Ploughshares* in which he contended that the effect of much of the modern poetry coming out of MFA programs "is like overhearing a drunken stranger talking to himself in a bar mirror late at night, and about someone we have never met." But that's not a drumbeat he's kept up. To engage in such arguments is the work of critics, and Galvin has little interest in poetry criticism. Instead, influenced early on by Robert Frost and then the naturalist poet Theodore Roethke (the subject of his Ph.D. dissertation at the University of Massachusetts), Galvin went about working in the traditional form in the traditional way, putting all his effort into what excellence he could bring to it. And his attitudes about the work of

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The poet in his study.

poetry show through. In his most recent collection, *The Air's Accomplices* (2015), you'll find these lines in a poem called "This Morning's Pep Talk at Egg Island":

*Knock those quotes
off "reality" and work with it.*

Galvin told me that most of his literary friends are Southerners—people he's gotten to know during visiting professorships or seminars at Southern colleges. He named

a few of these colleagues, and when I returned from the Cape I spoke with them by phone. Together, they form a sort of Brendan Galvin Appreciation Club—but their way of describing his place in today's poetrysphere also gives a sense of how poets divide nowadays.

Rod Smith, who edits the literary journal *Shenandoah* at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia, met Galvin about 25 years ago, he said, probably at a conference at Auburn University, where Smith used to teach. "I think that Brendan is what you might call one of the 'sons of Frost,' or as it would be, probably, the 'grandsons of Frost,'" Smith told me. Noting that Flaubert said the primary aim of style is clarity, Smith said, "I would say that Brendan would buy into that—not clarity without nuance, but certainly clarity." Galvin isn't interested in "language puzzles," Smith said. "I think he's more interested in clear visual imagery that connects to the end and beginning of the poem, follows an arc, has a kind of metaphorical logic to it."

The poet Thomas Reiter met Galvin when they were both students at the University of Massachusetts. They began exchanging poems shortly after they left Amherst, for many years through the mail and more recently by email. Reiter taught for more than 30 years at Monmouth University in New Jersey. He said he and Galvin have discussed, from time to time, the effect of current MFA programs on poetry. "You can tell by subject matter and by approach that communication and

accessibility are not primary concerns," he said. "There's a lot of discontinuity and non-sequential thinking that goes on in a lot of poetry which is now in fashion."

Galvin's operating principle, Reiter said, "is that the deepest mysteries and revelations that you can find in language are in clarity rather than complexity." He added, "Clarity is not the same as simplicity. You know, clarity in the way a pool of water is clear—and yet it can be very complex, and you can see to the bottom of it."



Galvin: "I think I had to write for about 15 years before I finally knew what I was doing."

There's also disagreement in poetry circles about the role of simple storytelling. Galvin's poems have a strong narrative element, noted Allen Wier, professor of English emeritus at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. "They tell stories often; they have memorable characters," Wier said. He cited Galvin's 1998 book, *The Hotel Malabar*, which is a detective story in verse. "I don't know of anyone who has done anything quite like *The Hotel Malabar*," he said. "He takes all kinds of risks and doesn't just play that one note."

Rod Smith said Galvin once told him that when he was a young poet "he used to go down to the newsstand, whatever day of the week it was, to get the *New Yorker* because he wanted to see if it had a new James Dickey poem in it. If there was a place that I knew on a given week might have a new Brendan Galvin poem that I hadn't seen, I would go to get it every week."

The critic Helen Vendler once wrote that she knew she would not become a poet when she realized, "I don't live life on two planes at once as imaginative people do."

I thought of that after spending time with Galvin. Having read some of the poems in *Habitat*, I had a sense of his imagi-

native interests: birds, dogs, the Cape Cod landscape, our own transitions through an ever-changing natural world. But in person he was not quite what I expected. For all the conciseness and discipline he brings to poetry, he is wholly unedited, unguarded, and digressive in conversation. His old friends say that's what makes him good company: He seems able to expound about anything.

He talked about his grandparents coming from Ireland; how his maternal grandfather sailed with a friend out of Boston to deliver lumber to the Cape and was taken with the beauty of the dunes, probably because they reminded him of the landscape of Donegal, in Ireland. His grandfather bought some land in Wellfleet. When he stopped getting along with his wife, he'd stay on the Cape through the warm months and not return to the triple-decker in Everett until Thanksgiving. Galvin's mother was born in Everett. The man she married, Galvin's father, was from the next town over, Malden.

Brendan grew up in Everett with three younger brothers, while their father delivered mail for the U.S. Postal Service. "I've been coming out here since 1939," Galvin said. He knew early in life that he wanted to be on the Cape whenever he could. Now his youngest brother lives in the old family

house in Wellfleet, while his other two brothers live nearby. "You won't see them around here, because they can't handle what I do," he said.

Their lives took different courses, he said, when he was sent to Malden Catholic High School, while the brothers went to Everett High. Though the brothers (a house painter, a photographer, and a newspaper reporter) have done well, they are not bookish. From the time Galvin's career veered away from the practical and toward the literary (he was accepted to dentistry school after he completed his degree with a major in natural science at Boston College), there has been a certain amount of ribbing from the brothers about Brendan, The Poet. "I mean, in a way it's an honor," he said. "But I could do without it."

You can get Galvin going about many things that amuse him: the migration of summer people to the Cape, for instance, especially the psychiatrists who flock to Wellfleet and Truro. "In the summer around here," he says, "this place is an ego theme park." And he's capable of directing a working-class putdown toward inhabitants of academe. Referring to a dean he once worked for, he said, "He was kind of a Yale knucklehead, you know. He had a place in Chatham, and he used to write poems about the lobsterman's daughter and stuff like that."

Galvin makes such comments with equal parts derision and delight. It's all part of the human parade. His soft spots he reserves for his poems. When I spoke with his daughter Anne by phone, she confirmed that he is anything but sentimental in person; that his poems are where he shows his heart.

I read her a part of his poem "Trying to Read the Road" that recalls a moment when he walked her to the school bus and ends with the lines "nothing to tell me which morning / I blinked and found you gone." And there's another one called "For a Daughter Gone Away."

*...For that first phrase of
unwavering soprano that came
once from your room, I'd suffer
a year of heavy metal. Let all
who believe they're ready for
today call this sentimentality,
but I want the indelible
print of a small hand
on the knees of my chinos again ...*

And we spoke about one called "Talking to Anne from Her Dream," which she said he wrote after she had an anxiety dream about her father walking around in the backyard with a black bear. Is it touching to find such references in her father's poems? I asked.

"It is. It's very nice and it's also kind of . . . I don't know how to explain it."

I took a guess: Is it the strange feeling of having a private moment held up for public view?

"I think that's exactly what it is. And oftentimes it's the kind of private moments that only go out to that format, so you get a reflection of what his thoughts are that aren't necessarily expressed on a day-to-day basis."

The love that was expressed on a day-to-day basis was for her mother, she said, who often served as a first "sounding board" for poems in progress. "Frequently you would walk into the living room and he'd be reading something to her, trying to get some feedback before anybody else had heard it," she said. "I do think he was so dedicated to her. She was in a nursing home for several years. It's about 35 or 40 minutes from the house, and he would visit her four or five days a week there. And she would come home for holidays and for her birthday and stay over, and that kind of thing. That really shaped his days for quite a long time."

"I think there is an absence there and I know he's thinking a lot about the phase of life that he's in—reflecting a lot based on that."

Galvin's strategy for old age is simple: Stay in the present. He deflected my questions about which poems he's most proud of. He does not have encyclopedic recall of poems he wrote many years ago. "What I'm more interested in is the poem I'm working on at the moment," he said. I asked what he thinks when he looks at his early poems. When he sees one that seems flawed what does he think went wrong? "Didn't take them far enough," he said. In 1999, when he was 61, he wrote a poem called "Reading My Poems of Forty Years Ago." The phrase he used then was "failure to follow through." The poem concludes insistently: *next time, next time.*

When I sat with Galvin in his living room on Labor Day there was a moment when he recalled a poem he wrote many years ago about a woman who practiced opera singing on her back deck at the Cape. He'd have to dig it out, he said. He got up from his chair and disappeared into his book-lined study and started rummaging. He came out with his 1977 book, *The Minutes No One Owns*. He sat back down. But that wasn't the one. He returned to the study. I told him he should have all his 17 volumes lined up on one shelf. He laughed. "I've published over 800 poems in magazines and journals," he said. (He found the poem, "The Renting Coloratura," in *Winter Oysters*, from 1983.)

Galvin said he felt he began to understand what he wanted to do with poetry when he wrote a poem called "The Bats," published in 1974 in the *New Yorker*. With his background in science, he took the time to read up on bats. It's not that there's outward evidence of scientific research in the poem, which is included in *Habitat*. But he used his

knowledge to illuminate the many kinds of false knowledge that have marked human interactions with bats:

*If they bit you, you'd get paralyzed for life,
and they built their nests
in women's hair, secreting goo
so you couldn't pull them out
and had to shave it off.*

He'd been writing poems since high school and then was inspired at Boston College by Robert Frost's occasional public readings on campus and around Boston. But it wasn't until he started work on a master's at Northeastern University that he began to get serious, partly because of the encouragement of the poet and instructor Samuel French Morse. "He actually said to me, 'You ought to send some of these things out.'" Soon after, he did. And by the time he was ready to move on to the Ph.D. program at the University of Massachusetts, he'd had two poems published in the *Atlantic*.

"I think I had to write for about 15 years before I finally knew what I was doing," he said. After "Bats," he charted a course that has been consistent in some ways over the last 40 years. In a 1991 book of essays about Galvin's work (*Outer Life: The Poetry of Brendan Galvin*, Ampersand Press) several writers noted Galvin's penchant for looking outward rather than inward. Recalling Galvin's comment about the drunk mumbling to himself in a bar mirror, the writer Peter Makuck noted, "the mirror is an apt image, for Galvin's poetry is always a window or a lens, never a mirror to reflect a torn self." And the critic Neal Bowers wrote, "His poetic inclinations take him out of, not into, himself," adding, "but the wonderful paradox, as poets from Blake to Roethke have known, is that the way out ultimately leads in."

Makuck also observed another Galvin calling card—"his love of the odd word" and listed examples, some of which are neologisms: *sneap, fleer, guggle, gumped-up, skreak, whanging, juddering*. His poem "Single Malt" (from *The Strength of a Named Thing*, published in 1999) begins:

*Bunnahabhain, Talisker, Oban, Hoy,
I have been speaking an hour
in unamerican tongues. Infused with
barley malt, textured with peat and dulse,
this glass is a conduit to Tobermory
and Muckle Flugga....*

After talking about poems that Labor Day, we decided to take his favorite walk. This is when I finally got to meet Lefty, who, like on my first visit, was napping in the car. He was, as advertised, an enthusiastic greeter. We led him into the house, since he had already had his morning walk, and then drove down to Corn Hill Beach.

From the beach's windswept parking lot Galvin directed my gaze toward Corn Hill and said this was about where Edward Hopper was when he made a painting of the view. We walked on a path that parallels the shore, with a row of dunes on the shore side and an eel-grass marsh on the other. Looking into a depression in the sand, he pointed out the fiddler crabs and said that when the tide rises this is where water starts burbling up into the marsh.

In an essay in the summer 2015 *Sewanee Review*, Galvin describes this walk that he takes just about every day. He poses a question to himself: The same walk for 45 years? "Over the years," he writes, "I've discovered that this one place, occupying maybe a square mile, is endless: I will never come close to unraveling or even understanding it."

The path took us to a jetty where the water from the bay comes into a small Truro harbor. We headed back the way we came. Galvin recalled an occasion on this walk when a great blue heron flew up close in front of him. The poet glanced over at a man nearby outfitted with earbuds and a phone, and saw that he seemed not to notice.

Back at the parking lot he mentioned that this is where Ellen had her stroke in 2006. He describes the moment in the opening poem of *The Air's Accomplices*. It's called "Old Age Begins."

*... Old age begins
when you don't remember giving me
a wrenched smile and folding
into a phrase of gibberish on the beach,
where the dog went on crouching for a ball
I wouldn't be tossing—the odd image
registered as I punched in 911 ...*

Many of the poems in *The Air's Accomplices*, I had observed when we talked, have to do with mortality. Later, in reading an essay about Galvin's work written more than 30 years ago, I realized that Galvin's good friend the poet George Garrett had seen the same thing in *Winter Oysters*, the collection from 1983. "Death and dying, and the odd joys of knowing, are recurring themes in *Winter Oysters*," Garrett wrote.

That volume includes a poem called "Hitting the Wall," which describes rescuing an injured woodpecker from a prowling cat on the same morning he had been running up a hill "to the point where a beached fish / panicked in my chest." He addresses the bird: "We've been / to the edge today, / and seen the ground waiting."

Garrett reported that he talked with Galvin about his love for the landscape. And that Galvin told him: "I don't think that I'm exclusively pursuing the beautiful or anything. But there are so many things about this world that just absolutely knock me out. ... It's going to be a hard place to leave." ■

Dave Denison is a writer in the Boston area.

Other voices

Four who received a Boston College BA or BS in the last 25 years have been making their way as poets—while earning grants, editing, teaching, even practicing medicine. BCM asked each of them: *Why, when, where, how did you choose to be a poet?*



C. Dale Young '91

If anyone had told me in 1987, in the year I entered Boston College, that I would become a poet and writer, I am sure I would have laughed in disbelief. But in my sophomore year, I began working at the *Stylus* literary magazine; and soon I wanted to take, as many of the people at *Stylus* did, a creative writing class. Since taking the poetry workshop with Suzanne Matson in my junior year, I have never stopped writing.

I wrote while I was in medical school, while working unbelievable hours as an intern and then as a medical resident. Even now, I wake early to write before going off to my medical practice. I cannot not write. It is now how I process the world, one of the ways I interact with the world. So, a whimsical desire to take a creative writing class at Boston College helped me find one of the things without which I cannot live, something that now helps to define me as a person.

C. Dale Young's four collections of poetry include Torn (2011) and The Halo (forthcoming in March 2016). His linked collection of stories, The Affliction, is due out in March 2018. Young practices medicine full-time and also teaches in the Warren Wilson MFA Program for Writers. He lives in San Francisco.



Adam Fitzgerald '05

Why poetry? My first thoughts linger on the sense of the *why* that pervades all poems. Finally I think: *I don't know, why anything at all.* That might sound too existential. But both states of mind seem uniquely available from poetry. Its animadversions and doubts, echoes and recesses—while housed in language—invariably suggest the rest.

For me, poetry began through noticing my father's private world, the one he kept in hoarding literary tomes and blues CDs, most of which contained poems in some form or another. In my adolescence, the winds of Bob Dylan, the New Testament, Keats, and Yeats collided and colluded to further me toward what I was already after. Now, in my thirties, not necessarily having arrived anywhere (no "realms of gold" yet), I can at least say I feel more in love with poetry than ever. Even so, one doesn't choose to be a poet on such-and-such a date, at such-and-such a time. That proposition seems almost as ridiculous as asking poetry, *Why me?*

Adam Fitzgerald published his collection, The Late Parade, in 2013. The founding editor of the poetry journal Maggy, he is the executive director of the Home School, which runs poetry workshops. He lives in New York City.



Joseph Spece '06

My poet's life began with suspicion of plagiarism.

Having chanced upon Tennyson's lyric "The Lotus-Eaters" in my sister's textbook, it became flashingly clear to me (at age 11) that words could do more than "point"; I wrote four lines, bringing them to my mother with a mix of moxie and quiescence. I read them aloud—what were they? I've forgot. The curls steamed in her hair. She turned, dissatisfied; she said, "It's wrong to claim you wrote something you didn't write. Don't do it again."

Thus was I convinced of some gifting, and avowed (I was a kid driven by refutation, full of pluck) to make forceful, transformative things with words, and to defend words for their potential to be dangerous, forceful, estranging, beautiful like bark. Even then, I would have poems as Brendan Galvin might have his horses: "ear-points drawn by fingers / in wet charcoal, the black bristle of short mane / thumb-smeared on, [. . .] / tail arched and legs alive in flight."

Joseph Spece is the founding editor and publisher at Fathom Books, SHARKPACK Poetry Review, and SPR Annual. His first poetry collection, Roads, was published in 2013. Spece lives outside Boston.



Bailey Spencer '14

There are certain things you learn growing up in Michigan. You learn there's better medicine found on the forest floor than in any pharmacy, and that red river water is fine to drink even if it tastes sharp like blood. You learn that islands spring from the bodies of bears, the dirt in a muskrat's claw. And it's when you ceremoniously dive into cold, clean Lake Superior each summer that you learn to breathe. Then you move away, and you learn Hemingway was right—only "in Paris could [you] write about Michigan." (Paris being Boston, at first, then the actual *Ville Lumière* during a semester at the Sorbonne.) This sense of place, of leaving "elsewhere" for "somewhere," is what inspires my poetry. I've written since I was a child, but it wasn't until I left home for BC, where I joined *Stylus* and met Professor Suzanne Matson, that I realized poetry could be a vocation as much as a passion. I am now working on my MFA at Washington University in St. Louis, and I find as much joy in words as ever.

Bailey Spencer held a fellowship at the Bucknell Seminar for Younger Poets and taught English in Heppenheim, Germany, after graduating from Boston College.

ENTRY POINTS

Five science laboratories and their undergraduate researchers

BY ZACHARY JASON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
GARY WAYNE GILBERT

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO, the University created its Undergraduate Research Fellowships (URF), for students looking to “be active collaborators with world-class faculty in diagnosing and solving real problems,” in the words of provost and dean of faculties David Quigley. The URF budget has since grown from \$40,000 to \$650,000. And the focus has not been limited to the sciences: In 2015, some 264 student fellows have been involved in faculty research projects in 20 departments, ranging from economics to theater to physics. Nonetheless, reflecting the 38 percent increase in natural science majors in the past decade, 40 percent of URF fellows can be found in the University’s 57 science laboratories.

Several factors have propelled expansion of the program. One has been a “sea change in the caliber of science students,” according to biol-

ogy professor Thomas Chiles, who joined the faculty 23 years ago and now serves as the University’s vice provost for research and academic planning. First-year classes, he says, are increasingly full of “what we call gunners: brilliant, passionate, with very clear ideas of what they want to investigate.” Another factor Chiles notes is an “absolutely critical” need these days for students to conduct lab research if they plan to enter top-tier graduate and professional programs. (More than 90 percent of past URF students in the sciences have gone on to post-graduate training, he says.)

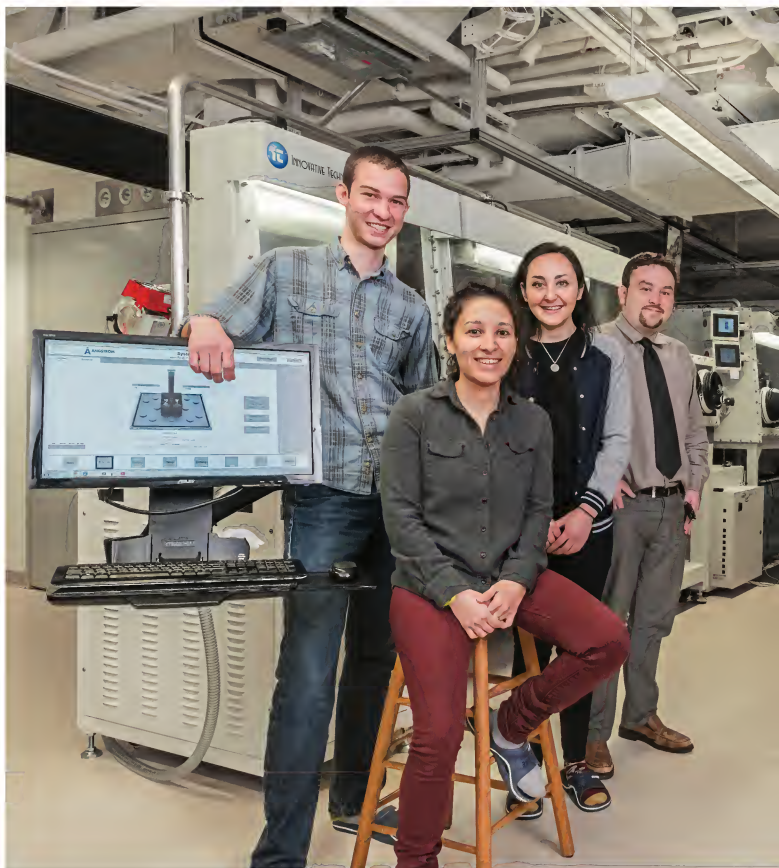
The undergraduate fellows are nominated by their faculty (with more than 95 percent of those put forward receiving at least a partial award). They earn an hourly wage for working up to 20-hour weeks during the academic year and 40-hour weeks during the summer and semester breaks; travel funding is provided so that they may present their findings at conferences.

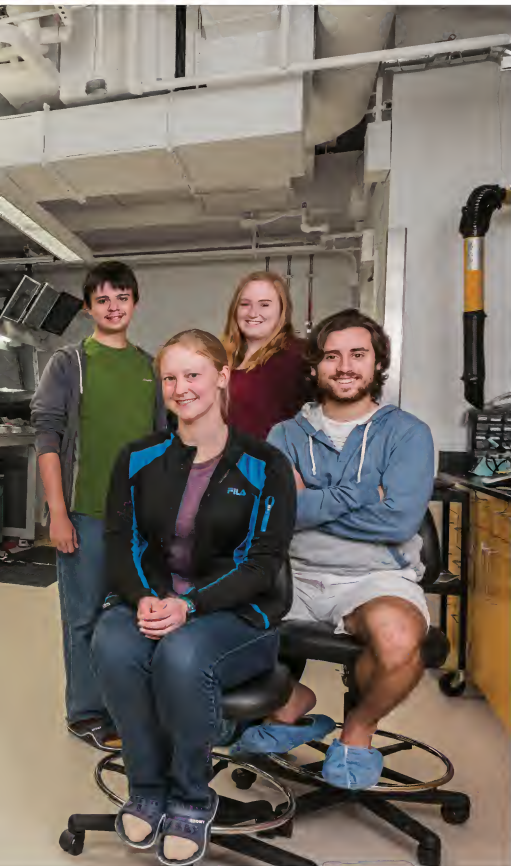
Most fellows in the sciences join faculty projects that are funded by the University and by public and private agencies, including the National Science Foundation, National Institutes of Health, National Cancer Institute, National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, and the Brain and Behavior Research Foundation. But the URF, says Chiles, also provides funding for students to “enter the front lines of not-yet-funded, high-risk, high-impact” research and conduct experiments with faculty that will form the basis of major grant requests down the road.

All of the University’s science laboratories (in biology, chemistry, earth and environmental sciences, physics, and psychology) make a practice of employing URF fellows. BCM’s photography editor, Gary Wayne Gilbert, visited five labs and their mostly URF undergraduate teams in October for these portraits.

OPPOSITE: The entrance to physicist Kenneth Burch’s Laboratory for Assembly and Spectroscopy of Emergence (clean shoes required).







Higgins 125

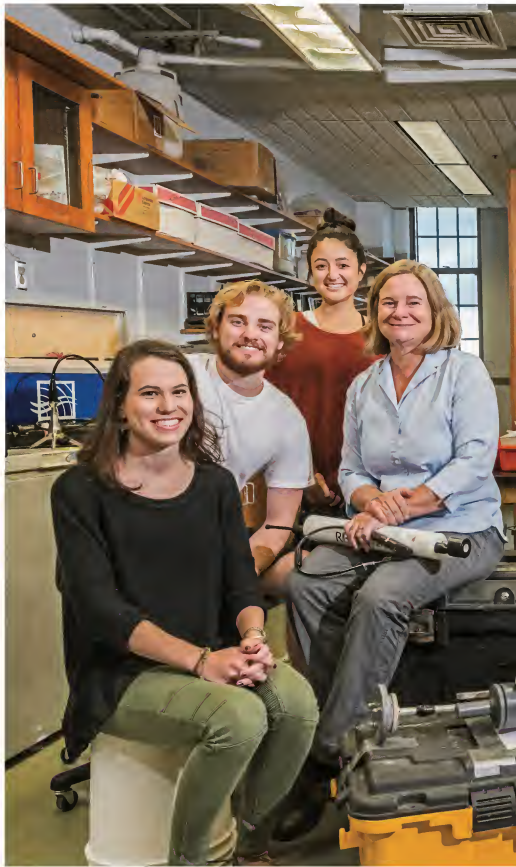
Associate professor of physics Kenneth Burch's Laboratory for Assembly and Spectroscopy of Emergence produces nano-scale materials and tests them for new behaviors and possible applications in technologies promoting clean energy and quantum computing (among other uses). The undergraduates in the lab are responsible for extracting and fabricating these materials—the silvery black compound MoS_2 , say, which is a potential component in next-generation computer chips—with in a glove box filled with neutral argon gas. They use adhesives to peel ultrathin layers from bulk crystals of various materials (which “takes great patience,” says Burch) and combine these in the onsite construction of devices including light-emitting diodes (LEDs) and artificial photosynthesizers. Burch and his six graduate researchers teach the undergraduates how to test the devices with infrared spectrometers and atomic-force microscopes, and how to write code to analyze the resulting data. Undergraduates in the lab earn coauthor bylines on Burch's research papers, which appear in publications including *Nature Communications* and *Applied Physics Letters*. Senior Erin Sutton is the first author on the lab's latest paper, “Towards the Intrinsic Limit in an Exfoliated MoS_2 .” The National Science Foundation funds the Burch Laboratory's projects.

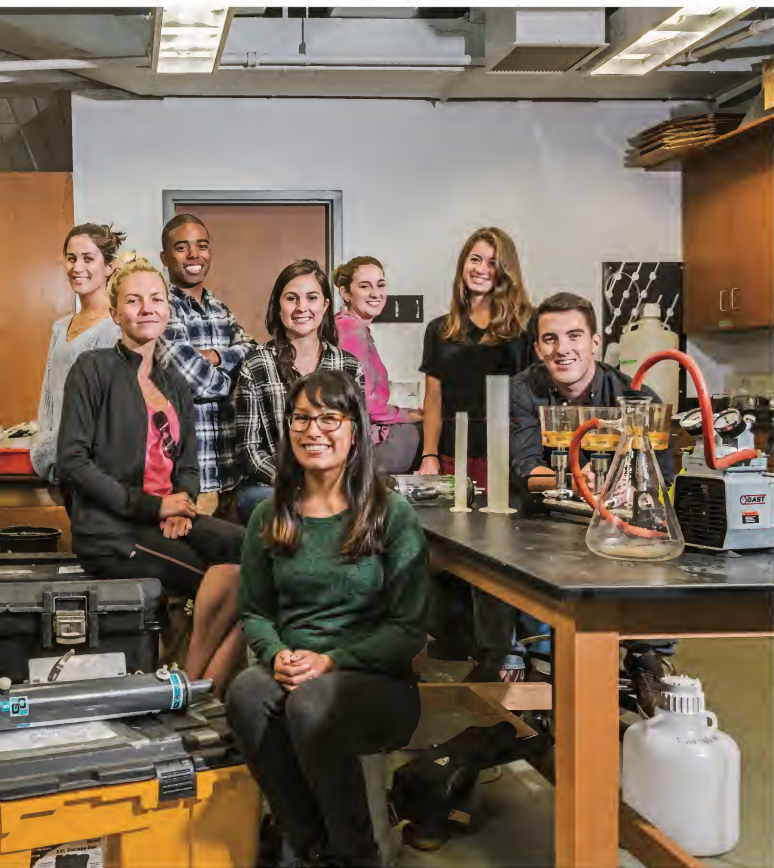
FROM LEFT: Ryan Conrad '17, Irene Roman (Wellesley College), Erin Sutton '16, Burch, Andrew Uzdejczyk '18, Abigail Kopec '16, Emily Whapham '17, and Edward George '16.

Devlin 318

To fulfill their undergraduate requirements, environmental geoscience majors can either write a thesis or take a two-semester senior research seminar (taught by a different faculty member each year). In 2015–16, associate professor of earth and environmental sciences Gail Kineke, a coastal oceanographer, has engaged her seminar students in field research for a four-year, \$1.8 million National Science Foundation project, "Frontogenesis and Fine-Sediment Trapping in a Highly Stratified Estuary." The study, a collaboration with the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution (WHOI), aims to describe the effects of the mixing of fresh and salt water on the movement of sediment in estuaries, and to understand how the processes driven by tides and by river discharge either trap sediment and associated contaminants within the estuary or export these to coastal waters. In late September, Kineke and her 11 students carried out investigations over six days aboard the WHOI research vessel *Tioga*, studying the Connecticut River estuary. They worked 12 to 14 hours a day to collect sediment and water samples along the estuary and to measure suspended sediment concentrations using acoustic and optical technology. They also recorded tide flow rates, temperature, salinity, and other variables. The students have begun to analyze the September data in Kineke's lab, and will present their findings at the annual meeting of the Northeastern chapter of the Geological Society of America, to be held in Albany in March.

FROM LEFT: Shannon Gentile '16, Nathan McKenzie '16, Carlissa Burns '16, Kineke, Marina Vranos '16, Savanna Brown '16, Austin Mitchell '16, Jordan Pentaleri '16, Gabriella Shibata '16, Anne O'Connell '16, Amanda Adams '16, and Sean Spata '16.









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Assistant professor of biology Laura Anne Lowery investigates the cellular mechanisms that guide development of the nervous system. She assigns small teams of undergraduates responsibility for discrete pieces of her research. For example, as part of a three-year, \$747,000 National Institutes of Health grant, she and her research team are unraveling the characteristics of a recently discovered protein that binds to the plus-end of microtubules (a component of cells' cytoplasm that not only helps cells keep their shape but also, in nerve cells, "plays a key role" in configuring neural connections, according to Lowery). Using the large neurons found in brains of the African clawed frog, *Xenopus laevis* ("fantastic" for culturing, Lowery says), students inject the gene that encodes the protein into the frog cells—after tagging the gene with a fluorescent marker that allows the protein to be seen with spinning disk confocal microscopy. Their goal is to determine where exactly the protein binds to microtubules and how it interacts with other proteins in the cell. Another team tests whether changing the levels of this protein leads to alterations in microtubule dynamics, while a third team blocks the protein's function in a separate specimen and examines the overall effects on neuronal development. Each Friday afternoon, the students meet and report their findings ("there are many opportunities to teach resilience," says Lowery) to the entire lab, which also includes three graduate students and two technicians.

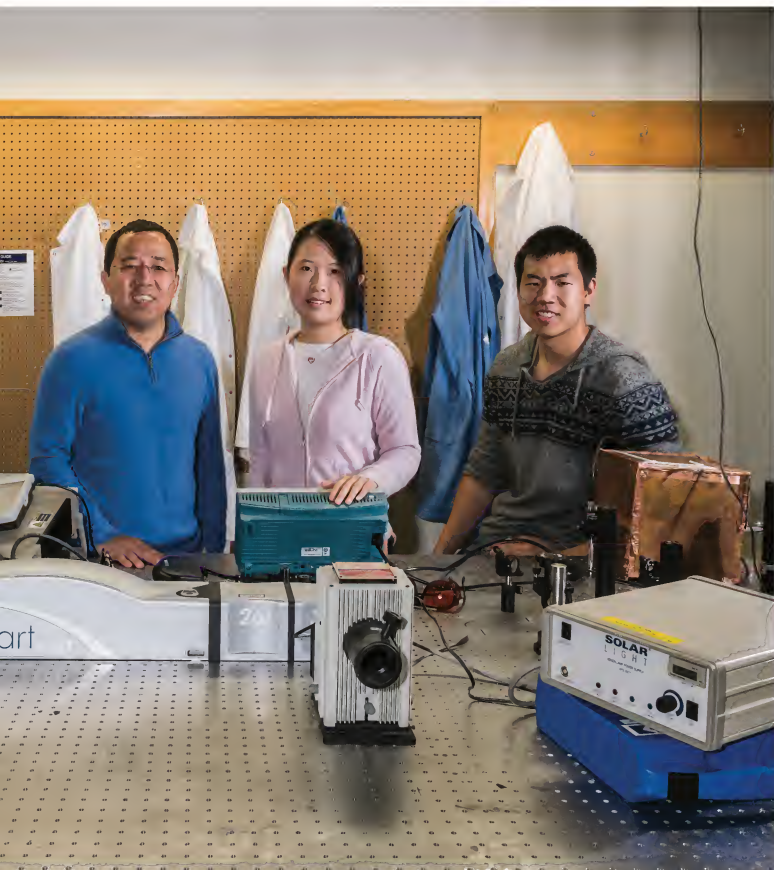
FROM LEFT: Eric Lee '18, Alexandra Mills '18, Jessica Tiber '18, Kelly Hawkins '18, Laurie Hayrapetian '17, Lowery, Jackson Bowers '17, Erin Rutherford '16, Leslie Carandang '16, and Claire Stauffer '16.

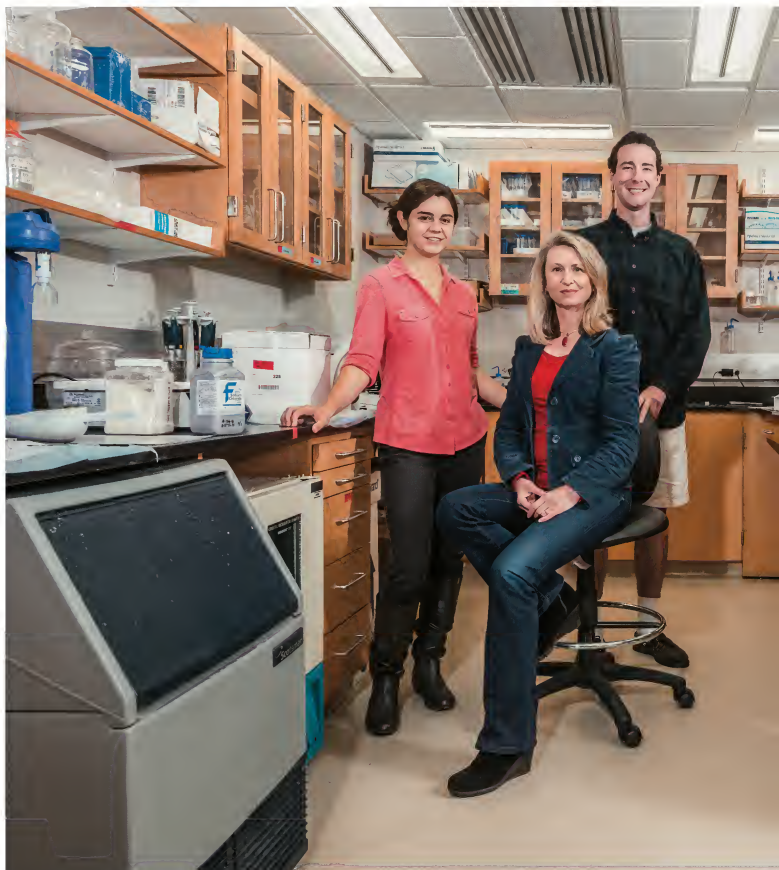
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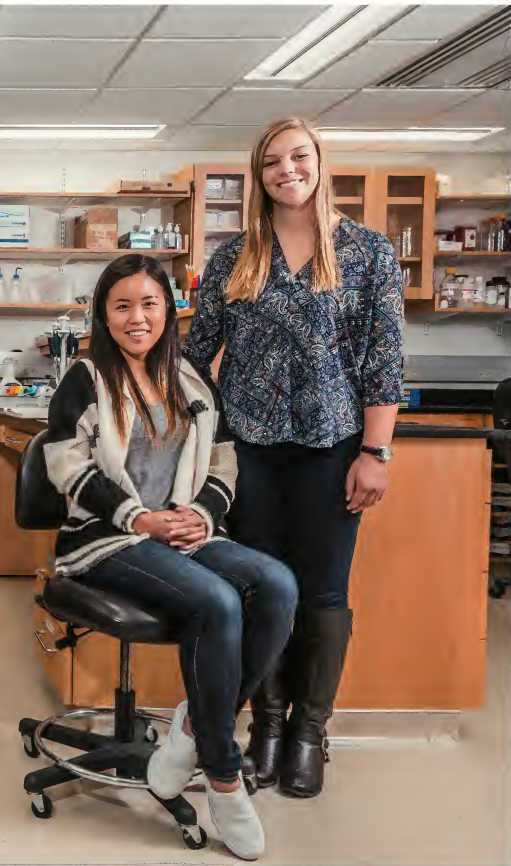
With funding from the National Science Foundation and the Massachusetts Clean Energy Center, associate professor of chemistry Dunwei Wang's Nanomaterials for Energy Conversion Laboratory focuses on developing and improving technologies through use of low-cost materials that can harvest and store renewable energy. Undergraduate researchers tend to focus on one technology and become progressively involved in "every aspect of our research," says Wang. Ian Madden '16, for instance, has helped the lab develop high-capacity lithium-oxygen batteries over the past three years. "Ian's task is to understand what limits the performance of existing batteries and try to improve them by altering the surfaces of the electrode materials," says Wang. Madden has coauthored three papers and is the lead author of a fourth—a report on an electrochemical analysis of porous carbon nanomaterials—which is under journal review. Erik Liu '17 and Xizi Zhang '18 work on the Wang lab's water-splitting research, attempting to make simple compounds such as rust (Fe_2O_3) into electrodes that can harvest solar energy; the idea is to use this renewable energy to split H_2O molecules and yield hydrogen as a clean source of power (e.g., for fueling cars). In the classroom, says Wang, "every chemical equation looks so beautiful, you learn them and then forget." In the lab, he says, students immerse themselves in "all the footnotes, and experience how the knowledge is generated."

FROM LEFT: Ian Madden '16, Wang, Xizi Zhang '18, and Erik Liu '17.









Higgins 022

"The learning mechanisms in the brain help us survive," says Gorica Petrovich, an associate professor of psychology, "but they can be hijacked by our environment." Funded by the National Institutes of Health, Petrovich and her research team in the Neurobiology of Feeding Behavior Laboratory study how eating disorders are acquired at the neural level. Rats are conditioned with Pavlovian cues (for instance, a tone or a mild shock) to either eat when not hungry or avoid eating even when hungry. Then their brain tissue is examined to determine the regions and neurotransmitters that have been engaged. Undergraduate researchers train the animals and record the rats' behavior. The more experienced students then dissect the brains and stain slices of the tissue with antibodies tagged with fluorescent dyes, which allow students to see connections between individual neurons and view their activity in high-resolution microscopic images. Eventually, the undergraduates conduct experiments independently. For his senior thesis, Andrew Stone is investigating the importance of the dorsal striatum—a forebrain structure critical to forming habits based on rewards and punishments. He is studying rats whose neurons in the dorsal striatum have been compromised, in order to consider its function in learning the food cues.

FROM LEFT: Marissa Kellogg '16, Petrovich, Andrew Stone '16, Hannah Yoon '16, and Megan Ebner '16.

Land of Orphans

HOW THE KOREAN WAR
FOREVER CHANGED AMERICAN
ADOPTION PRACTICES

By Arissa H. Oh

ADoption is an age-old practice, in normal times and in times of upheaval. But international adoption—the adoption of children from abroad—is not as old as some might think. After World War II, Americans did take children from overseas into their homes—several thousand from Europe and Japan. But it was not until after the Korean War (1950–53) that international adoption became a significant phenomenon in the United States. Between the Korean War and the end of the century, Americans adopted approximately 100,000 children from South Korea. Indeed, Korea was the number-one sending country of children to the United States until 1995, when it fell to third, behind China and Russia. It may not have been the first country whose children found homes in America, but it was where organized, systematic international adoption began.

Overseas adoption on the scale that occurred in Korea changed the way Americans envisioned and constructed their families in the second half of the 20th century. It helped do away with the adoption gold standard of finding a child who looked

Boys awaiting transfer to a South Korean orphanage in 1951.



PHOTOGRAPH: Michael Rougier / Time Life Pictures / Getty Images



"as-if-begotten," and it altered ideas about kinship and race. Illegitimate "GI babies" were among the first Korean beneficiaries. Adoption rates in the United States were soaring in the baby boom that followed World War II, and the demand for healthy white infants exceeded availability. When it became clear that there were Americans eager to take in mixed-race GI children, assorted religious groups and voluntary agencies—including those with orphanages in Korea built by American servicemen and missionaries—stepped forward to advance the process.

Photographs and articles in mass-market magazines such as *Life*, *Collier's*, and *Look* also played a role. It is difficult to overstate the deprivation, poverty, and destruction wrought by the Korean War. Regarded by the rest of the world as a geographically limited conflict—a United Nations "police action"—it was a total war for Koreans. At the war's close in 1953, South Korea reported roughly \$2 billion in property damage, the equivalent of the country's gross national product in 1949. In newspapers, on newsreels, and on radio programs, from the moment the fighting erupted, Americans were inundated with coverage of the devastation: smoke rising from deserted villages, ancient city gates towering over smashed buildings, and, as fighting persisted, lines of laden refugees plodding through driving snow. Feature stories offered heartbreaking sketches: widows, lepers, a family sleeping on a single straw mat, bodies sprawled on the side of a road. Juxtaposed, always, were the faces of orphaned Korean children—babies wailing beside the bodies of their dead mothers, gangs of children roaming the streets, foraging for food and sleeping in the rubble. In almost every human-interest story about the Korean War, these "waifs," "urchins," and "moppets" were prominent. Korea was, one mission group declared, "a land of orphans."

Initially, programs such as the Foster Parents Plan, Christian Children's Fund, and World Vision provided ways for Americans to virtually adopt Korean children, through donations of food, clothing, and money. But soon servicemen began returning to the United States with adopted full-Korean children. These early adoptions were crucial: With them, the possibility of taking in a Korean child entered the thoughts of ordinary Americans. The children whom these men brought home—the vast majority of them boys—owed



their good fortune to a little-examined aspect of the war: the semi-formal practice of U.S. military units "adopting" Korean mascots.

DRUMMER BOYS PROBABLY SERVED AS THE first human mascots in the U.S. Army, during the Civil War. In the First and Second World Wars, American soldiers across Europe continued the mascot tradition, sharing shelter, clothing, food, and candy with local boys.

In Korea, servicemen and the media used the term *mascot* interchangeably with *houseboy*, but the two could be quite distinct. A mascot did the domestic labor of a houseboy, but his role was more complex. Servicemen fed, clothed, and even educated mascots, integrating them into their units. Sergeant Yo-Yo, for instance, was a pint-sized boy discovered in a Seoul gutter by members of the 55th Military Police Company, in January 1953. Two months later *Stars and Stripes*, the newspaper for military personnel, wrote that he had "a bed, footlocker, and clothing rack" and stood "inspections with the other members of his unit." Servicemen could receive permission from superior officers to have mascots live in the barracks with them. Robert Mosier, a Marine sergeant, wrote about mascots for *National Geographic* in 1953. The arrangement he had with his mascot was typical: Kim "policed our quarters, washed my clothes, and guarded my belongings" in return for "tent space and part of my rations and whatever odd bits of cloth-

Mascot Sergeant Yo-Yo, with members of the 55th Military Police Company, in March 1953.

ing and gear I could scrounge.” Mosier’s broad use of the word “adopt” (Kim was not an orphan) to describe his informal relationship with Kim was also typical: “I

adopted Kim. Or perhaps it was the other way around. At any rate, we took care of each other.”

Off the base, mascots sometimes had military value. Eleven-year-old Butch Chango saved two Marine corporals in 1950 when he warned them that enemy soldiers were nearby. They asked how he knew, and he responded, “Because the crickets have stopped chirping over there in the rice field.” At that, reported *Stars and Stripes*, “The Marines turned a machine gun on the rice paddy and smoked out a squad of Red Koreans.” Grateful, the two corporals subsequently wrote to the U.S. immigration service, according to the newspaper, seeking “permission to bring Butch back to the United States.” Mascot Joseph Anthony was riding with his company toward a bridge when a Korean man warned that the communists had wired it with explosives. Anthony quickly interpreted in his pidgin English—“Capi-tan, we go back, hubba hubba! This boom!” June 1953 saw the mascot on his way to Boys Town, Nebraska.

Mascots came to their units in a variety of ways. The First Cavalry Division received their seven-year-old as a gift. “A bunch of us guys were sitting around the fire one night when some South Korean walked up with Henry hand in hand and said, ‘Presento,’” recalled a corporal. “He just gave him to us.” Link S. White, who was adopted by an Air Force sergeant and immigrated to the United States in 1955, progressed from houseboy to mascot to adopted son in the space of four years. One day, without checking with anyone first, he had begun sweeping up the mess tent at the base of the Army’s 30th Ordnance Detachment near Hamhung (now in North Korea). He returned and worked the next day, and on the third day he was offered a paying job as a full-time mess boy. Eventually he developed bonds with the men around him that allowed him to make the transition—arguably, the promotion—to mascot.

Servicemen were buddies or big brothers to their mascots, but the men also acted in a parental capacity. The 19th Quartermaster Company in Taegu made sure that its mascot, eight-year-old Bonzo, “was in bed by 9 P.M. and took regular showers” (discipline was stern: Bonzo was demoted from the rank of honorary master sergeant to corporal when he missed reveille). In April 1953, two bachelor “dads” went to a parent-teacher association meeting at a school in Seoul to represent their “adopted” son, Mike.

The press unfailingly depicted mascots as spunky, pint-sized characters out of Horatio Alger—“amiable Oriental orphan(s)” who took to American ways. This was the image epitomized by the plucky orphan sidekick Short Round in Hollywood’s first Korean War film, *The Steel Helmet* (1951). Mascots impressed servicemen with their cheekiness and endeared themselves through hard work, earnest imitation of their caretakers, and loyalty. When his Marines pulled out without him, Butch, the 11-year-old mascot of the First Marine Band, walked nearly 25 miles from Seoul to Inch’on. There, he found an Army unit that was moving out by ship and convinced them to take him along. Dressed in a cut-down uniform, Butch then hopped a train and rode almost a hundred miles through guerrilla country until he found his Marines. Servicemen showed dedication to their mascots, too, but they left the boys behind in orphanages when their units pulled out or their superiors ordered them to. Often, the mascots ran away from the orphanages and returned to life on the streets, or found a new unit. As a serviceman explained, “You can re-name these kids without any trouble or money because they don’t have birth records.”

These were children to be teased, played with, and cared for—a semblance of family and a source of down-home fun for servicemen who were weary and often miserable. Link White recalled, “I did a lot of horse-playing with the unit’s GIs. . . . We wrestled and . . . even cussed at each other, just for the fun of it.” Mascots might entertain GIs by putting on boxing matches. Sambo Pribbenow’s “adoptive” father bragged about the boy’s ability to “sketch portraits, juggle, sew, [and] sing.” Speculating on the reasons for keeping mascots, *Stars and Stripes* wrote in a 1951 article titled “GI Buddies”: “Perhaps they serve as symbols of the clean and decent things homesick soldiers have left behind. Perhaps to see these tattered, hungry, sick in heart and body, war waifs regain the healthy, happy radiance which is childhood’s birthright, compensates to some extent the soldiers’ daily contact with war’s senseless waste and drudgery and suffering.”

Some mascots grasped this. Former Washington State senator Paull H. Shin, who was a mascot from the age of 15 until his adoption and emigration to the United States at 18, said that, in addition to his domestic work, he helped servicemen “find some comfort in what was an otherwise difficult situation.”

Bonds of affection
between the troops
and their mascots led
to some of the first
U.S. adoptions from
Korea. Images of
grinning servicemen
and their soon-to-be
adopted Korean sons
appeared regularly
in *Stars and Stripes*.

The bonds of affection that developed between members of the military and their mascots led to some of the first intercountry adoptions from Korea. Photos of grinning servicemen and their adopted or soon-to-be-adopted Korean sons appeared regularly in *Stars and Stripes*. Sergeant Bernard L. Cook, it was noted, began adoption proceedings shortly after six-year-old mascot Wild Bill joined the 724th Ordnance Battalion; Cook told the paper in 1954 that he would not go home “until I can take Billy with me.” Stories often went on to describe the adopter’s patience and persistence in navigating the military and immigration bureaucracies. As pioneers, these servicemen had little guidance in how to adopt, so they wrote letters to any authority they could think of—the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, the U.S. embassy, their ministers, priests, and representatives in Congress—and shared advice with one another.

In its coverage, *Stars and Stripes* emphasized the mascots’ metamorphoses from “Oriental” orphans to Americans, a trope picked up by mainstream magazines such as *Life*. One mascot appeared in *Stars and Stripes* in a cowboy outfit. So Yong Chong, a six-year-old who was being adopted by Sergeant Raymond L. Hill, was photographed taking his turn at the plate during a game of baseball, clad in fatigues, suspenders, and a cap and flanked by similarly dressed GIs. The message was that these boys could cross from one world into another and assimilate into American society.

Seven-year-old Ernie Joe, who had been adopted by Sergeant Ravi B. Branham and his wife, Dorothy, of San Antonio, Texas, had his picture taken in 1954 in a cut-down Army uniform, with *JOE* stenciled over the left side of his chest; per *Stars and Stripes*, he would “switch to khakis . . . for the flight to the States.” And he would visit the zoo before starting school. Chief Boatswain’s Mate Vincent J. Paladino’s adoption of Kyung Soo Lee was covered by both *Stars and Stripes* and mainstream media. Renamed Lee James Paladino, the four-and-a-half-year-old came “home” to New Rochelle, New York, in 1953. *Stars and Stripes* described Lee as “a first grader, proud possessor of a new bike, and avid follower of television Western serials, and the pride and joy of Paladino’s parents, grandparents, and about 30 uncles, aunts, and cousins.” Accompanying the article were photographs of a beaming Lee standing on a swing, riding a bicycle with streamers fluttering from the handlebars, and striding down a sidewalk jauntily swinging his schoolbooks. The *New York Times* heralded Lee’s arrival with the caption “Future citizen arrives.”

Although the children were depicted in proverbial American ways, many mascot adoptions were in fact quite unconventional. For one thing, people who were ordinarily not allowed to adopt under regular social work criteria—single individuals and older couples—were adopting. Lee

Paladino was adopted by a bachelor, and Ernie Joe’s new parents were 43. Additionally, some servicemen arranged for others in their families to take in mascots. The Beauchamps adopted Kim, who had been their son’s stretcher bearer in Korea. When their son died of his injuries, his parents fulfilled his “last wish,” that they “bring Kim to the States and give him a home.” Lieutenant Robert W. Field’s parents adopted 10-year-old Rocky, his company’s mascot, and another soldier asked his parents to adopt a seven-year-old mascot who, he said, was like a brother to him.

Mostly, GIs’ efforts to rescue Korean children were about simple decency, the desire to do something in the face of suffering. But there was also the sense, touted in *Stars and Stripes* and elsewhere, that these servicemen were representing their nation by their actions. “Will the Korean people . . . remember the GIs whose job it was to break and smash and burn things, but who tried to mend what they could and to blot the tears off at least a few grimy cheeks?” Mosier asked rhetorically in his *National Geographic* article. Intentionally or not, their child welfare efforts wordlessly served a political function for the military and the nation—justifying, mitigating, and projecting positively the country’s new position as a superpower in the Cold War.

MASCOTS LIVED WITH SERVICEMEN in a hypermasculine environment, and not all the young men around them assumed the role of parent or big brother. One GI criticized his fellow servicemen for failing to curb their obscene language around mascots. Social workers in Korea—American, British, and Korean—regarded mascots as having been corrupted by their contact with the military. The boys were described by a member of the profession as being “domineering, bullying, boastful, and recalcitrant.” Mascots had difficulty adjusting to nonmilitary life in the orphanages and “almost without exception gave trouble,” the same social worker said. In one extreme case, a 12-year-old former mascot was shuttled around the United States after his adoptive parents decided they could not accept him. In the end, the boy was returned to Korea, where he was reported to be living in another Army camp. The irony for some mascots, then, was that while contact with the U.S. Army presented opportunities for adoption that very contact made them seem unsuitable to it in the eyes of social workers in their own country.

TOP: Chief Boatswain’s Mate Paladino and his adopted son, Lee James (formerly Lee Kyung Soo), on arrival in the United States in November 1953. A visa snag—the child was denied entry to Hawaii—thwarted Paladino’s previous attempt to bring the boy home. BOTTOM: Lee, some 11 months earlier (left), and at home in New Rochelle.



Six months into the Korean War, a Canadian journalist met a two-and-a-half-year-old mascot—fattened on Army rations, dressed in a corporal's uniform—whom he described as unable to speak intelligibly in Korean or English. The journalist noted, “Nobody seems to have figured out what’s to become of him when the U.S. Army moves out . . . but that’s a detail.” His dismissive (or perhaps ironic) attitude about what might happen to a child like that highlighted the uncertainties of mascot life. Mascots might eat and live well while they were associated with the military, but it was unclear what would happen to them when they had neither the protection of their American benefactors nor the support of a Korean family network. Social workers in Korea and the United States tended to discourage mascot adoptions, suggesting alternatives such as sponsorship.

As early as 1951, soldiers received warnings from mili-

tary authorities against becoming too fond of their mascots, since U.S. immigration law would prevent the entry of even legally adopted Korean children. Even so, between 1950 and 1953, an uncounted number of full- and mixed-Korean children came to the United States through special dispensations.

In the mid-1950s, the U.S. military was moving toward prohibiting the practice of keeping mascots altogether, and mascot adoptions no longer dominated adoptions from Korea. By then, servicemen were adopting full-Korean boys and girls and GI babies of both sexes.

The servicemen who adopted Korean mascots paved the way for these and the thousands of inter-country adoptions to come. On a practical level, their adoption requests helped lay the procedural groundwork in the United States. Because U.S. immigration law at that time barred most Asians, members of Congress often had to pass a private bill to allow the entry of an adopted Korean child. Lawmakers’ familiarity with Korean adoption proved useful as Congress undertook to craft permanent orphan legislation throughout the 1950s. The Refugee Relief Act of 1953 (RRA) provided the first crucial opening. Although the RRA named most of its intended beneficiaries—refugees, escapees, expellees, and so on—by nationality, it did not do so for orphans. “Orphan” became an exceptional, apolitical category that superseded both nationality and race. Congress added the orphan language to the RRA at the last minute, in response to the hundreds of private bills that had been introduced by prospective American adoptive parents. As historian Carl J. Bon Tempo put it, the RRA provided a critical “back door” for Korean children, who would otherwise have been subject to a total annual quota of 100 immigrants from their country.

The servicemen who adopted Korean children also contributed to the expansion of international adoption on an imaginative level, helping to broaden notions of family, race, and nation in the United States to include racially mixed adoptive families. Americans’ growing acceptance of these families has in turn abetted transnational adoptions from other countries and other continents. The language of humanitarianism, rescue, and colorblind love first deployed in the service of Korean mascots lives on. ■

Arissa H. Oh is an assistant professor of history at Boston College. Her article is drawn and adapted from her new book, *To Save the Children of Korea: The Cold War Origins of International Adoptions*, by permission of Stanford University Press. Copyright © 2015 by the Board of Trustees of the Leland Stanford Junior University. The book may be ordered at a discount from the Boston College Bookstore via bc.edu/bcm.

C21 Notes

QUOTABLE

"Our commitment to the liberal arts is a commitment to a story about the way in which God's self-story is being revealed in human history. One of the shortest stories ever written is $E=MC^2$. That's a great story. It's a profound story. . . . I'm not talking about Christian math or Christian biology, but about the wonder and awe that can be experienced in these kind of stories."

—Brian Braman, professor of the practice of philosophy, from a talk in the Murray Room on September 22 titled "Our Faith, Our Stories," sponsored by the Church in the 21st Century Center. The complete talk may be viewed via Full Story at bc.edu/bcm.

On Earth, as it is

By William Bole

A conference to parse the pope's climate message

GREETED BY THOUSANDS OF well-wishers on the White House lawn this past September, Pope Francis described climate change as "a problem which can no longer be left to a future generation." During the week following the pope's five-day visit to the United States, an estimated 2,000 Boston College students, alumni, faculty, and others turned out for various sessions of a conference titled "Our Common Home: An Ethical Summons to Tackle Climate Change."

The September 28–October 1 conference drilled down into the incipient tradition of Catholic social teaching on the environment, and especially Francis's May 2015 encyclical letter, *Laudato Si'* (Praise Be to You), subtitled "On Care for Our Common Home." (An encyclical is a papal letter concerning Catholic teaching, circulated among bishops, the Catholic faithful, or the public at large, and *Laudato Si'* is the first one dedicated

to issues of ecological responsibility, although recent popes have increasingly addressed the theme.)

Months before the anticipated release of the encyclical, a group of faculty and students led by Associate Professor Noah P. Snyder, director of the environmental studies program, began planning a panel discussion on the document. That idea bloomed into the nearly weeklong conference sponsored principally by the Institute for the Liberal Arts and the Jesuit Institute at Boston College.

On the first afternoon of the gathering, an overflow crowd packed into Robsham Theater to hear a lecture by Cardinal Peter K.A. Turkson, who led the team that helped draft Francis's encyclical. Turkson, president of the Pontifical Council for Justice and Peace, and a Ghanaian universally mentioned among those who might one day succeed Francis as pope, wanted to make one thing clear at the outset of his 90-minute lecture. "His encyclical is not



Cardinal Turkson: *Laudato Si'* "is not an encyclical on climate change" but a "social encyclical—about the well-being of the Earth, and of the human person."

an encyclical on climate change," said the 67-year-old prelate, alluding to the news media's focus on that aspect of the document. It is, rather, a "social encyclical—about the well-being of the Earth, and of the human person."

Turkson, who has salt-and-pepper hair, an avuncular manner, and a melodic accent, explained that the encyclical builds on a favorite theme of the first Jesuit pope, "the longing of people to be cared for and in turn to exercise caring." The cardinal added: "He brings the basic message of Jesus—love one another as I have loved you—into the very heart of the world's greatest challenges: to care for the poor and to care for the planet."

On that note, Turkson delved into Francis's choice of language. He pointed out that the prosaic "stewardship"—a keyword of religious environmental discourse—appears only twice in the nearly 41,000-word encyclical. Instead, the pope speaks of "care for creation." The papal

advisor elaborated: "Anybody can exercise stewardship. It can be a duty. It can be a task. But when one cares, it's always with passion, it's always with attention."

The Vatican official parsed other messages of the encyclical, including the pope's view that human beings, having "endangered the Earth," can also begin to heal "our common home"; that the challenges call for "an ecological conversion"; and that climate-change science is both terrifying and "unfortunately true."

After the formal remarks, index cards were collected on which audience members had written questions for the cardinal. University Provost David Quigley, who had introduced Turkson, read aloud the questions, which touched on such matters as traditional African reverence for creation (Turkson said it is real but at times borders on "fetishism" and nature-worship); and population growth, with its diminishment of natural resources (the cardinal suggested that the bigger prob-

lem might be "an excessive accumulation of these same resources in the hands of a few"). The provost made no editorial comment as he related another question that managed to fit on a 3-x-5 card: "By and large, the Boston College community is part of the problem in that it is made up of a high percentage of affluent individuals who create huge carbon footprints, particularly in contrast to the poor in the global South, who are most vulnerable and will continue to suffer more of the negative effects of our overly consumptive lifestyles. What does Pope Francis want and expect Boston College, particularly its leaders, to do to rectify this inequality?"

The question was met with a lively mix of laughter and applause. In response, the cardinal made a show of hemming and hawing, scratching his forehead and affecting a pained look on his face, before saying, "Pope Francis expects from Boston College . . . what he expects from all of us . . . ecological conversion—a

certain amount of sensitivity to the well-being of creation."

THE LECTURE WAS ONE OF NINE events and panels offered during the four-day conference spanning Monday through Thursday and bringing together some 30 speakers. These included many notables, such as Massachusetts U.S. Senator Edward J. Markey '68, JD'72; Andrew C. Revkin, who writes the Dot Earth environmental blog for the *New York Times*; and Tufts University professor Julian Agyeman, who originated the concept of "just sustainabilities," which integrates social justice with ecological concerns.

On Wednesday of that week, a noon panel with the straightforward title, "Discussion of the Implications of the Encyclical," was especially geared to students and those unversed in Catholic Church developments.

Leading off the panel, held in the Yawkey Center's Murray Function Room, was Boston College associate professor of theology Mary Ann Hinsdale, IHM, who unpacked such questions as what a papal encyclical is—"First of all, it's not infallible. It's authoritative. Catholics are expected to form their own consciences in light of the encyclical." Her colleague on the theology faculty, Kristin Heyer, pointed out that according to Francis "how we eat, waste, adjust our thermostat, commute—these are all moral concerns." The third panelist was Dan Misleh, executive director of the Washington, D.C.-based Catholic Climate Covenant, which for nine years has been trying to get Catholic laity and leadership interested in the issue. Misleh noted that when the Vatican announced that an encyclical touching on climate change was forthcoming, "It was like Christmas and my birthday all rolled into one."

Undergraduate students with their bulky backpacks and T-shirts were a clear presence among the approximately 125

members of that audience, and two of them—one selected by student Democrats and the other by a Republican group—stepped up to the lectern to add their voices to the discussion.

Christie Merino '16, who came by way of the Democrats and who majors in political science with a minor in geological sciences, aimed her remarks at press coverage of the encyclical. She said media interest revolved too much around climate change and whether Francis would be able to convince conservative Catholics that it is indeed an urgent global challenge. She interpreted the encyclical less politically, as "a reframing of truly foundational Catholic social teaching, as a reaffirmation of how we must treat one another as members of this common home, as a reminder of the delicate relationships we must nurture between this Earth, God, and one another, and a call to build bridges instead of barriers." Merino, who is managing editor of the *Gavel*, which describes itself as "the pro-

gressive student voice of Boston College," added, "The encyclical serves as a reminder that discussions about climate change should not be sequestered to the classroom or be bogged down in political punditry." She is setting her sights on a career in environmental public interest work.

The second respondent was William Musserian '16, an economics major who has interned for the Federal Reserve Bank in Boston as well as for Republican political campaigns including Romney for President. Musserian built his presentation around "what I've learned" from Francis's encyclical. One lesson has to do with what the document identifies as the "throwaway culture." Musserian said that after reading the encyclical he found himself more sensitive than he might have been to a scene he observed in a Boston College restroom, where a student cranked out a half-dozen or so paper towels after washing his hands. "It's completely unnecessary, but from the perspective of the student, it doesn't cost anything," said Musserian, who is planning a career in finance. The college Republican added that he has also gained from his encyclical reading a deeper grasp of a theological principle. "We don't have absolute dominion. Only God has ownership of the Earth. We are part of nature. We can't dictate to nature." He added, "Just because animals and plants



Amanda King (left) and Robert Pion, directors of sustainability at Bentley University and Boston College, respectively, at the "What Can I Do?" fair.

Joseph Chisholm '52, a financial services provider who traveled from Long Island to attend the conference with his wife, Joan, spoke first. "I haven't heard much from my pastor yet, on *Laudato Si'*," he said.

can't talk back to us doesn't mean we're not responsible to them."

The conversation was opened to the larger audience, and three of the four questioners were Boston College alumni. Generally sporting tan chinos and boat shoes, they pressed the issue of why the U.S. Catholic leadership was (in their estimation) lagging behind the Roman pontiff on environmental matters.

Joseph Chisholm '52, a financial services provider who traveled from Long Island to attend the conference with his wife, Joan, spoke first. "I haven't heard much from my pastor yet, on *Laudato Si'*," he said, clearly disappointed.

"It's uneven," Misleh acknowledged, referring to the response by pastors to the encyclical. But he added, "It's the responsibility of all of us to give them the tools—help them feel more comfortable talking about this, because of the political overtones." Misleh directed Chisholm to Catholic Climate Covenant's website for materials intended to help clergy discuss the encyclical with parishioners.

Vincent Maraventano, JD'77, who is executive director of Massachusetts Interfaith Power and Light, a religious environmental organization, aimed a little higher—at the U.S. bishops. He asserted that the bishops "are not communicating with the priests or with each other," on the subject of *Laudato Si'*. "It's another example of how, in the U.S., we're missing the boat," he remarked.

Misleh was more upbeat. "A lot of bishops will move once they hear from the grassroots, if you invite them in with a smile rather than a frown," he advised. "But we certainly need to push from below."

ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, THE closing day of the conference, one of the highlights was a "What Can I Do?" fair held in a large white tent on the Campus Green. It featured some 16 organizations that had set up tables with their literature, and a vegetarian buffet open to all comers.

Among those organizations was Climate Justice @ Boston College, an officially recognized student group that is asking the University to disinvest in fossil fuels. Three undergraduates around that table were handing out leaflets with a headshot of Pope Francis imposed on

the Uncle Sam image and the message—"I WANT YOU to turn your passion into action!" On another table was a sign, "BCEAN," which stands for Boston College Energy and Environment Alumni Network. The group claims 650 active alumni members. "We're trying to create community among BC people who prioritize energy and the environment," said Liz Delaney '00, an organizer of the six-year-old network whose day job is with the Environmental Defense Fund in Boston. That means sponsoring on-campus events for alumni, such as a coffee-and-tea reception held after Senator Markey's talk; publishing a three-times-a-year e-newsletter; and posting notices of jobs, internships, awards, and other opportunities related to environmental action, Delaney explained.

Aiden Clarke '19, of Bethel, Maine, was browsing the tables, holding a veggie burger in one hand with literature under his arm and a backpack hanging off the opposite shoulder. He said he had attend-

ed a few conference events at the suggestion of his professors Brian J. Gareau (sociology) and Tara Pisani Gareau (earth and environmental sciences), who helped organize the conference and are co-teaching an interdisciplinary freshman seminar titled "Global Implications of Climate Change," offered as part of a piloted revision of Boston College's undergraduate core curriculum. Clark added that he signed up for the seminar and turned up for the conference mainly out of an interest in the science of climate change, but that he has been drawn into other dimensions of the issue as well.

"I'm not a religious person whatsoever," he avowed, "but I'm learning about the morality of Pope Francis and his take on climate change. I'm learning that it's not just about science. It's about society." ■



The complete conference "Our Common Home" may be viewed via Full Story at bc.edu/bcm.

From the Church in the 21st Century Center

GUEST SPEAKERS

My Faith Story within the Story of Liberation Theology

Gustavo Gutiérrez, John Cardinal O'Hara Professor of Theology at the University of Notre Dame

November 16 (view online at bc.edu/church21 after November 30)
Heights Room, Corcoran Commons, 4:30 P.M.

Working for a Better World: The Story of Catholic Relief Services

Carolyn Woo, president of Catholic Relief Services
November 30
Gasson Hall 100, 6:00 P.M.
Cosponsored by University Mission and Ministry

NEW READING

Catholic Sacraments: A Rich Source of Blessings (192 pages, Paulist Press)

Edited by John F. Baldovin, SJ (professor of historical and liturgical theology in the School of Theology and Ministry) and David Turnbull, MTS'08, Ph.D.'15 (assistant professor of theology at University of Portland)
Twenty-four essays accompanied by primary source texts and discussion questions make the connections "between theology, prayer, and ritual."

NEW VIEWING

Catholic Spiritual Practices (55 minutes, Paraclete Press)

Five video presentations by Boston College faculty and guests: "Hospitality," "Spirituality Matters," "Discernment," "Spiritual Practices for Families," and "Practices of Prayer"

For more information, please email church21@bc.edu or visit bc.edu/church21.

End Notes

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In December 1943, an Army B-24 went down in the Alaskan wilderness. One man survived, and survived

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A Boston College economist proposes improvements to the rules of soccer

From the McMullen Museum



In 1889, the year he received the French Medal of the Legion of Honor for his contribution to art, American John La Farge (1835–1910) created this approximately 8 1/2 by 7 3/4-foot, stained glass triptych of a preaching Christ poised between St. John the Evangelist (left) and St. Paul, for the All Souls Unitarian Church in Boston's Roxbury neighborhood. The faces, hands, and feet are paintings on glass, done in oils. The garments are opalescent glass—opaque white and colored translucent glass combined for a milky, striated effect. La Farge pioneered in creating opalescent glass and held a U.S. patent. The window's background is studded with teal and blue cabochons (glass nuggets), which La Farge called his "broken jewels." Serpentine Stained Glass Studio in Needham, Massachusetts, spent 15 months in 2013–15 restoring the work. A gift of Rhode Island art dealer William Vareika '74 and his wife, Alison, to the museum's permanent collection, the triptych can be seen in *John La Farge and the Recovery of the Sacred*, an exhibition of more than 85 works by the artist that runs through December 13.



East view over glacier-formed lakes, with the Charley River snaking below, in 2012. Leon Crane's plane crashed near the treeline west of the river.

STRANDED

By Brian Murphy '81

In December 1943, an Army B-24 went down in the Alaskan wilderness. One man survived, and survived

THE SNOW ALONE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO make Crane think twice.

It came in windblown slaps that whistled through openings in the tumbledown cabin where he had found the Vienna sausage and decided to rest for several days. The temperature had edged up slightly, but was still cold beyond reason. Crane guessed it was just below zero and far lower with the windchill. He was becoming good at judging the weather: the difference between *regular* subzero that could kill the unprepared or unlucky in a matter of hours and the blasts of supercold that could claim a life even faster.

If Crane had followed his own rule of no unnecessary chances, he would have spent a fourth day inside the cabin eating cornmeal pancakes and waiting for the snow to let up.

So why, then, was he here, a mile north of the cabin, leaning into a near blizzard and hauling the sledge through fast-piling snow?

Whatever insecurities drove Crane from the cabin that day, he was dangerously close to recklessness. So many tragedies in the Far North have begun this way. Crane pressed on when he should have stayed put. Army field teams researching cold-weather sur-

vival during World War II received the same messages over and over from tribal natives and old-timers: The weather always has the edge. The smart thing is to hunker down. Never push your luck.

Crane was doing just that.

He couldn't see more than a yard ahead. This frightened him most of all. He could walk directly onto a weak point in the ice, and, with the heavy snow, there was little chance of making a fire even if he managed to pull himself free. The last plunge through the ice shook Crane deeply. He began thinking that the longer he stayed on the river, the more opportunities for disaster. Clearly, it made no sense to march off into a snowstorm. It was the other possibilities running through Crane's mind—the parade of *what ifs*—that led him out the cabin door. What if I broke my leg stumbling around the cabin? What if wolves surround it? What if the weather pushes above freezing again and the ice becomes unsteady?

Crane was in acclaimed company. The high latitudes have witnessed extraordinary feats and exemplary bravery—as well as spectacular insolence and irresponsibility. Crane didn't have to look far for examples.

The great tide that began with Canada's Klondike gold rush in the 1890s left a backwash of bodies. Winter trails were dotted with frozen corpses set like tundra gargoyles, their skin plum-colored from frostbite and lips peeled back in weird frosty smiles. Stories abound of would-be prospectors, desperate to outrace rivals, setting off into blizzards and never seen again.

It's impossible to calculate how many perished on the way north during the heady gold-rush years straddling the turn of the century. Photographs from some of the Klondike jumping-off points—Skagway port in Alaska or the Canadian trailhead at Dawson City—suggest almost comical disregard for the demands of subarctic travel. Some stampedees carried their belongings in tins and coffee cans. The clothing worn by the most ill-prepared often seemed more attuned to a Sunday stroll. Some had flimsy leather shoes and derby hats. They look—remarkably and tragically—like Charlie Chaplin's sad-sack character the Tramp in his 1925 silent film, *The Gold Rush*, which lampooned the boreal greed. An 1898 photo shows a group of "actresses" heading to the gold-rush boomtowns, hiking up their dresses as they forge a stream with luggage in tow.

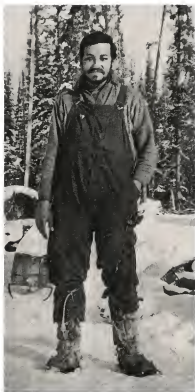
One route to the goldfields—a difficult passage known as the White Pass Trail from Skagway to the Yukon River on the Canadian side—was so littered with the carcasses of pack animals that it became better known as Dead Horse Trail. Canada's minister of the interior in 1897 lamented, "The inhumanity which this trail has been witness to, the heartbreak and suffering which so many have undergone, cannot be imagined. They certainly cannot be described."

Poet Robert W. Service tried:

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold.*

This is how Service began "The Cremation of Sam McGee" in 1907, about a fictional prospector from Tennessee who freezes to death and whose body is hauled onto a pyre by his friend. The poet is said to have fashioned the work on the tale of a doctor, Leonard Sugden, who Yukon lore says once disposed of a corpse in the firebox of a stern-wheel steamer after receiving permission from the late man's family. The real McGee, named William Samuel McGee, was a Canadian-born erstwhile stamper who Service met while working at a bank in Whitehorse. Service received permission to use McGee's name in the poem, whose popularity opened up a cottage industry in the Far North. Souvenir urns were sold containing the "mortal ashes" of the made-up McGee.

*The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold.*



Leon Crane in March 1944.

Two hours out from the cabin, the snow was coming down so hard that it made walking in a straight line difficult. Crane had lost all reference points. As any pilot knows, even the tiniest fraction off course compounds itself with every second. Soon you are hugely misdirected. Crane worried he could stray toward the riverbanks, where the water was shallower but the ice thinner.

AT FIRST HE THOUGHT THE SLEDGE was snagged. Crane gave another tug. Why was it pulling back?

Crane gasped. The sledge was going under.

He had no time to slip out of the rope. He staggered backward, trying to keep his balance while twisting around in the driving snow to see what had happened. He heard the ice splinter. The back of the sledge was dropping into the water. Its front rose up like a sinking ocean liner. This at least gave Crane some advantage. He had more leverage on the ropes. He pulled back, seeking firmer footing in the snow.

Crane knew he could wriggle out of the harness and let the sledge sink away. He'd be alive, but with absolutely nothing except his clothes. No food. No rifle. Crane dropped to his side, seeking more purchase on the snow and ice. There was some traction, but not enough to counter the weight of the sledge and supplies. He could feel the void. His mukluks slid off the ice and dangled over the hole, dipping into the mix of water and ice shards. The sledge dropped another foot. Crane could hear the river water gurgling. He pulled back harder. The sledge tipped and floated in the water.

More ice gave way. His legs dropped into the water. For a third time, Crane was splashing into the frigid Charley. Most of his weight, fortunately, was still on the ice. He spun on his hips and managed to get one soaked leg out of the hole. Crane knew this would be his last chance. If the ice shattered below him, then all was lost. He crawled and pulled. His second leg was out. He was sprawled flat on the ice, grabbing and pulling and thrashing with hands and legs like a creature trying to escape a trap.

The sledge runners bumped up against the edge of the ice hole. Then the sledge rose a bit. Crane was winning. He yanked again, his boots jabbing at the snow even as more fell in the storm. The front of the sledge angled higher. One more burst, thought Crane. The sledge moved past its center of balance and fell back onto the ice. For a desperate moment, Crane feared it could break through again. The ice held.

There was no time to examine the sledge and how much of his supplies were wet and now crusting over with ice. Crane was shivering badly. Snowflakes stuck to the moisture before it iced up, giving the impression of feathers. Crane leaped up and raced for the riverbank with the sledge in tow. A layer of ice formed over the runners, making it easier to pull.

As Crane fumbled for the matches in his parka, he gave a glance at the sledge. Amazingly, the damage was limited. The rear was encrusted in ice, and some water seeped into his food stocks. But, in the superchill, much of the flour and sugar froze into clumps instead of fully dissolving. He guessed he could thaw them later over a fire. The washbasin container in the middle was high enough to block most of the water. The rifle and ammo, lashed to the top, were fine. So were the rope and canvas.

He fashioned another makeshift tent near his fire. He worried that the snow would have made the driftwood too wet to catch fire, but it took the flame. Once again, Crane stripped off his parka, underwear, mukluks, and socks. His shivering ebbed.

But the river had won. Crane decided to abandon the sledge.

He had hauled it close to 50 miles. The rest—however much was left—would be done on foot.

When Crane's clothes were dry enough, he hitched himself to the sledge for one last pull. He headed back to the ramshackle cabin to divvy up his provisions into whatever he could carry on his back. This time, he would wait out the storm. ■

Brian Murphy '81 is a staff writer for the *Washington Post*. His narrative is drawn from *81 Days Below Zero: The Incredible Survival Story of a World War II Pilot in Alaska's Frozen Wilderness*, written with Toulia Vlahou, by arrangement with Da Capo Press of the Perseus Books Group. Copyright © 2015 by Brian Murphy. The book may be ordered at a discount from the Boston College Bookstore via bc.edu/bcm.

GOAL-L-L-L-L!

A Boston College economist proposes improvements to the rules of soccer

Professor M. Utku Ünver has used economic theory to facilitate kidney transplants, expedite foster-child adoption, and assign pupils to public schools. Can he (and two Australian colleagues) now help soccer? The following text is drawn and adapted from a 2015 working paper titled "Designing Fair Tiebreak Mechanisms: The Case of FIFA Penalty Shootouts," written by Ünver with economists Nejat Anbarci and Ching-jen Sun. The authors call their proposal the Alternating-Order Behind-First Mechanism.

PROBLEM: The shootout used to determine the winner in a tied soccer game is perceived to be "unfair" by soccer professionals; and there is empirical evidence to support their view.

Currently, when the score is tied after 90 minutes of regulation and 30 minutes of extra time, each team attempts five shots on goal from the penalty mark, taking turns after each kick in an order derived from a referee's coin toss; that is, the team that wins the toss gets to decide who goes first for the duration of the five rounds. In 2010, a pair of economists examined 269 shootouts and reported in the *American Economic Review* that "with just one exception, the winner of the coin toss chose to kick first." Often this choice paid off. First-kicking teams went on to win with a 60.5 percent probability.

QUESTION: What does fairness mean when an unbiased coin toss determines the first-kicking team and thus the probable winner?

It should mean two things. First, when two teams are balanced in terms of their players' abilities, each team should be expected to win with 50 percent probability. And, second, when one team has better kickers, that team should have a higher probability of winning. These two statements lead directly to the age-old

Aristotelian justice principle: Equals should be treated equally and unequals unequally.

SOLUTION: In the shootout, it doesn't matter which team kicks first in the first round. A coin toss will do. Two teams of equal power have an equal chance of winning when they enter that round tied.

Thereafter, when the score is tied after any round, the team kicking last in that round should kick first in the next.

And when the score is not tied anymore? Enter the "behind-first" scheme, in which the team that falls behind kicks first in the next round. There are several rationales for this. One is a forward-thinking argument: A player knows that if he misses and the other team scores in a round, his teammate, who will kick first in the next round, will feel intense pressure that could decrease his accuracy. So, in the current round the player puts pressure on himself to kick a solid shot. The goal precision of all players increases. Another rationale is that the behind-first sequence gives the most number of players a chance to kick, since the shootout ends early if one team develops an insurmountable lead.

What about if one team is just better than the other at kicking penalties? Its players will still have the incentive to exert their best effort. On average, the better team will win the shootout.

After five rounds, still-tied teams enter a sudden-death shootout, taking turns going first, round by round, until a team emerges from a round victorious.

PRECEDENTS: As it turns out, the behind-first property is effectively at work in *pétanque*, a game involving balls and a wooden target. *Pétanque* was invented in ancient times by the Greeks, later modified by the Romans, and is still played in parts of the world. ■



PLANNING FOR IDEAS

By Zachary Jason

Creativity on the job

Spencer Harrison of the Carroll School of Management has shadowed modern dance troupes and videotaped the meetings of ski-boot designers, all with the same end in mind—to understand how creativity lives and breathes in the workplace. The associate professor of management and organization has come to think of the phenomenon as a process predictably shaped by “what happens before, during, and after” the moments when someone has an idea.

For eight months in 2010–11, Harrison observed four modern dance groups in the Northeast as they developed new material. He and co-investigator Elizabeth Rouse, Ph.D.’13, reported what they learned in the November/December 2014 *Academy of Management Journal*. They describe a rehearsal at which a troupe’s two choreographers told a dozen dancers to step “two counts back and two counts front, whatever you want to do.” Immediately the dancers had questions. *The same moves or different ones? (Answer: If you find something you like, you can do that every time. Whenever we are within two feet of you, start that phrase and keep doing it until we move away.) Then we stop in place? (You finish the phrase.) Do you want this on the beat?* The questions, says Harrison, “restricted the original ‘whatever you want’” and produced guidelines the dancers could work within. Their ideas, he said, didn’t come “from outside the box, but from building the box and then pushing against the walls.”

Harrison and Rouse watched more than 100 hours of rehearsal and conducted 33 hours of interviews and found the pattern often repeated: When a choreographer granted dancers broad freedom (e.g., be “a sunrise”), the dancers floundered and sought limits (*Do you want that fast or slow?*). Harrison concludes that an ebb and flow of autonomy (and restriction), what he calls an “elastic coordination,” is vital for teams producing original, effective work. It was the boundaries, he says, that allowed dancers to take “creative risks.” SWAT teams operate on the same principle, he notes, with drafts of plans and the “freedom to elaborate.”

In a follow-up dance study, Harrison investigated the effects on choreographers of external feedback. Again with Rouse, he

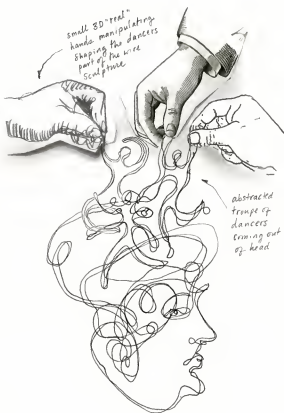
observed two years of sessions—53 in all—in which a panel of mentors reviewed works-in-progress by 29 choreographers. The choreographers, it emerged, were able to shape the feedback they received. If one mentioned previously discarded ideas—an early set design, say—the meeting usually ended with an agreement to revive a past direction. The same result was obtained if mentors expressed puzzlement at a piece: e.g., “Am I supposed to listen

or watch?” Early in the search for invention, says Harrison, new ideas are not enough. “Creative workers need mechanisms that can trigger the reconsideration of ideas.”

Harrison encountered the same pattern when he videotaped 17 prototype review meetings with a ski-boot design team over eight months. And here, like with the dance groups, he noted that as the project neared its end, the creators were increasingly inclined to adopt the reviewers’ suggestions—which were by then better-informed (e.g., “That shelf isn’t supported. . . . We need . . . secondary material that supports it”). As the boot designers and the product’s stakeholders continued to confer, they came to approach their meetings “as a two-way search” for breakthroughs—and the meetings grew more productive.

“For organizations to be innovative year in and year out, they need to find ways to enable employees to be creative day in and day out.”

This is how Harrison begins the discussion section of a third study, in which he probed the effects of the pressures of creativity on individual workers. Harrison and a University of Oregon colleague, David T. Wagner, asked 108 engineers, educators, and other professionals to complete surveys about their creative work and their home life over the course of two weeks. Workers in the early stages of a project (generating ideas, identifying problems) reported weaker and more negative interactions with their spouses—who, given their own surveys, concurred—than those who had recently received feedback on their efforts from a supervisor. Feedback, suggests Harrison, narrows the range of potential solutions and gives workers a better chance at “arriving at home with a clean cognitive slate.” ■





Reineke in her laser radial, off Fort Lauderdale.

Guster

By Zachary Jason

U.S. Olympic sailing contender
Erika Reineke '16

Upwind, her ponytail flying parallel to the water, the hull of her sailboat perilous inches from perpendicular, Erika Reineke smiles. She's stretched back over the side, her body more out of the vessel than in, keeping the dinghy from capsizing into the Atlantic. Putting the wind behind her, she makes adjustments to the lines in her right hand and to the tiller in her left, as nimble and fluid as a puppeteer. She's only practicing, home in Fort Lauderdale for a few days, but she says she remains as calm in international races, and as trusting in the "feel" of the boat. "I start singing a song in my head"—any song—"and everything just starts to flow and fall into place."

The 22-year-old environmental geoscience major is postponing her senior year at Boston College—after becoming the first competitor, male or female, to win three consecutive singlehanded national collegiate sailing championships. She is vying for Team USA's sole spot in the women's Olympic laser radial competition (10 days of races in Rio de Janeiro in summer 2016). The one-person, 13.75-foot craft with a 62-square-foot sail is so sensitive to the seas it demands full-body strength, rapid reaction time, and an astute reading of wind and tides. In preparation for the Olympic trials in January, on top

of daily weightlifting and cardio workouts, Reineke is nearing the end of a regime of five, week-long races in locales from the Bay of Biscay off France's west coast to the Gulf of Oman (for the laser radial women's world championships in late November). She has also joined U.S. Sailing for two-week-long training camps—three of them—in Rio to work with Coach Mark Littlejohn on racing tactics. (Olympic sailing is more freewheeling than collegiate is; the course is three times longer and twice as wide, for example.) To help with her travels, she's organized fundraisers at the Lauderdale Yacht Club.

Reineke has been sailing since she was eight and spent most of her childhood on the water, wakeboarding, sailing with friends in tropical storms, and winning girls' national championships in the eight-foot "optimist" dinghy at ages 13 and 14.

When asked what keeps her focused, she quoted from a favorite movie, *Cool Runnings* (it's about the improbably successful Jamaican bobsled team): "If you're not enough without [the medal], you'll never be enough with it." . . . It's knowing that my family and I put everything on the line" for a taste of Olympic competition, she says. That, and the "incomparable joy" of sailing downwind.

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